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MAKING THEIR MARK

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

The Breakthrough Decade: Women In the Arts

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Women did not so much enter the mainstream as redefine it. (Page 794)

EDITORIAL

STILL OUT IN THE COLD

As waves of popular tumult break down the dikes of totalitarianism in Eastern Europe, the U.S. national security establishment remains a beacon of cold war stability. At Malta President Bush lets on he's going to kick ass to speed up strategic arms and conventional forces agreements and then vetoes any talks on naval tactical nukes. It seems that the U.S. Navy is adamantly opposed to sacrificing its atomic toys. You think Gorby's got a problem with the *nomenklatura*? The Washington equivalent at the Pentagon and Langley continues on automatic pilot, targeted on Moscow.

Peace is a real problem for Washington's national security droogs. Despite Defense Secretary Dick Cheney's musings about budget reduction, there's no mention of eliminating any of the "advanced" weapons systems developed in the Carter-Reagan years. On November 29 the Pentagon named six states where the MX missile will be deployed on its mobile railroad cars. And Bush—a former C.I.A. director—wants new authority for the agency to subvert unappealing governments and eliminate uppity foreign leaders.

C.I.A. director William Webster, perhaps anticipating pressure on his own budget, put it out that Soviet espionage has increased during *glasnost*. Even if Webster's evidence is correct, that's a reason to negotiate, not rearm. Webster wants to prolong the cold war by sending out the spies, but the time is right for calling them home.

DEMOCRACY IN CHILE
PATRICIA POLITZER

AFTER THE WALL, A NEW SOCIALISM?
DANIEL SINGER

ALLEN GINSBERG
ANDREI CODRESCU

HOROWITZ AND OTHER MAESTROS
EDWARD W. SAID

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LETTERS.

PLASTIC ARGUMENT

Tavonic, Conn.

In an account of their experiences in Beijing in *The Village Voice* (June 20) Susanne Lee and Mitch Berman tell of the smog or residue of tear gas that watered their eyes and made vision difficult on June 3 as they huddled against a brick outhouse near Tiananmen Square, seeking protection from the bullets that thudded around them.

Perhaps this impediment to their vision played some part in the farrago they presented in the October 30 *Nation* ["Very Quiet. Too Quiet."] in the guise of a review of my *Tiananmen Diary: Thirteen Days in June.* They write:

> According to Salisbury, for example, the students' statue of the Goddess of Freedom and Democracy was made of plastic; *plaster* was the stuff. . . .
>
> Even the back jacket photo which poses the author—white-maned and august, looking as if he is writing a much better book than *Tiananmen Diary*—in front of the goddess statue has been flopped so that the statue is facing in the wrong direction. The same photo appears in ads for the book, still stubbornly reversed. (If this seems quibbling, imagine the Statue of Liberty brandishing her torch in her *left* hand.) Caveat emptor.

Caveat emptor indeed.

I think readers of *The Nation* and perhaps Lee and Berman may be interested in a more cleareyed vision of the goddess. The students were particularly concerned not to create a mere imitation of the statue in New York Harbor, but they were in a time bind. The young artists of the Central Academy of Art managed to complete the goddess in three days by using as a model a small one-and-a-half-foot practice work of a nude man leaning forward on a pole which he grasped with two hands. They reworked this into a mock-up of the goddess statue by sawing off the lower part of the pole, adding a flame to its top (making the pole a torch) and tilting the figure back to an upright posture. They changed the face to that of a woman, added breasts and draped the body in a robe.

With this as a model they constructed a thirty-foot figure of *foam plastic* on a wire frame and lightly smeared it with plaster of Paris to give a better surface texture. This gave them a statue light enough so that when it was sawed into four segments each could be lifted by four or five students. Each segment was put on a bicycle cart and the whole carefully brought to Tiananmen Square, where it was reassembled.

It is quite true as Lee and Berman note that the photo and ads were reversed. But the two points offered by Lee and Berman, (1) that the statue was made of plaster (far too heavy to be managed by a few pairs of hands) and (2) that the reversed photo made it seem that the torch was held aloft by the goddess's *left* hand, are not correct. Had their eyes not smarted so much from smog or tear gas residue, had they not been so distant from the square, huddled against the brick outhouse, perhaps they would have perceived that the goddess held the torch with *both* hands no matter how you flop the photo.

I don't think the jacket photo has much bearing on *Tiananmen Diary*. The diary is a raw, uncut, unretouched, scantily proofread vignette. Its virtue, if any, lies in taking the reader right to the scene and bringing to him or her the emotion and significance of the Tiananmen tragedy.

Obviously, this did not succeed in the case of Lee and Berman, whose impressions of these events seem to have been formed while working as gofers for an ABC camera crew. They find the account absurd and pointless and reap great amusement from the blips, the printing format, the jacket copy, the advertising and what they conceive as a "writing style"—their term for genuine notes snubbed down in a scrawnchy notebook, no rewrites, no colorization. They seem to see *Tiananmen Diary* as some kind of an ego trip, not the tribute to the heroism of China's students and Beijing's citizens that it is.

Harrison E. Salisbury

BERMAN AND LEE REPLY

New York City

For a brief, happy moment, we were flattered that Harrison Salisbury had troubled himself to run a background check on us—then desolated that our experiences had failed to meet the standard he sets for his reviewers.

In *Tiananmen Diary*, Salisbury made plain enough where *he* was during the massacre: He lay across town in his bed in the Beijing Hotel. When the troops moved in that night, he "half awoke. I seem to remember very heavy gunfire. . . . I half awoke and said 'Oh fuck!' and turned over."

When Salisbury jeers at how we spent our ten days in Beijing—something he does with fetishistic glee—it is apparent that his confusion has reached mighty proportions. He seems to think that *he* is reviewing *our* book. It was the other way around. And until editors require reviewers to be more prestigious than the authors they read, we hope to write a few more book reviews. In a review, even a cat may look at a king.

Our main criticisms of *Tiananmen Diary*—that its author saw almost nothing, that it is riddled with factual errors of every description, that it is little more than a chapter inflated by irrelevant filler and typographical sleight of hand—inspire not the faintest challenge from Salisbury.

Instead, he protests too much that *Tiananmen Diary* is a "tribute to the heroism of China's students and Beijing's citizens." Not, mind you, the most elegant tribute those citizens might desire—only a just-folks handful of "genuine notes snubbed [*sic*] down in a scrawnchy [*sic*] notebook, no rewrites, no colorization"—nor the most substantive—at least two major publishing houses are donating some of their profits to Chinese dissident groups, with no such plans in the offing here—but a tribute nonetheless. And definitely *not* "some kind of ego trip."

No? Salisbury swells the chest of *Tiananmen Diary* with descriptions of every last meal he ate, every phone call to his wife, every pose struck for every photograph that captured his visage for posterity. False advertising has reached its apogee when a man who made two short visits to Tiananmen Square, a man who was in Beijing for only four days, foists his book upon an unwitting public under the title *Tiananmen Diary*.

Salisbury's fixation on the students' goddess statue is of recent origin; he included none of this informative history of the statue in his book. It is still a puzzle why he continues to insist that "plastic" describes something made of plaster on Styrofoam. And the quote Salisbury selects from our review says that the *Statue of Liberty*—not the goddess—holds her torch with one hand. Certain differences in design and geography have kept us from getting the two statues mixed up.

Readers may be excused for believing that Salisbury was present at the goddess's creation; in fact, he did not arrive in Beijing until after the statue had been in Tiananmen Square for four days. Salisbury's "cleareyed vision"—much more interesting than most of the book, which would have been a natural place to put it—evidently comes courtesy of an uncredited journalist whose methods are somewhat more thorough than Salisbury's. Such second-hand reportage was often used to pump air into *Tiananmen Diary*.

Now Salisbury is using *The Nation* to finish writing what he calls a "raw, uncut, unretouched, scantily proofread vignette." Better late than never. One day it may even be publishable. Until then, caveat emptor.

Mitch Berman and Susanne Lee

CORRECTION

Due to an editorial error in the December 11 article "Europe in the Post-Yalta Era," by Daniel Singer, the sentence on page 719 reading "The conclusion that Mitterrand drew from this argument was that Germany must be united before it can be more closely linked to Western Europe" should have read "The conclusion that Mitterrand drew from this argument was that for Germany to be one day reunited, the Federal Republic must first be more closely linked to an integrated Western Europe."

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EDITORIALS.

Some Like It Hot

Mikhail Gorbachev went to Malta with his eyes fixed firmly on the bottom line—the economic salvation of *perestroika* at home. He came away with most of what he wanted: observer status in GATT, the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade, with the World Bank and the I.M.F. likely to follow; a probable end to the punitive Jackson-Vanik amendment; and a restoration of the Soviet Union's most favored nation status as a trading partner.

George Bush was only too pleased to oblige Gorbachev in these areas, to the chagrin of die-hard conservatives who accused him of giving away the store. But he saw no reason to budge an inch on the other nasty residue of the cold war—the projection of U.S. military force in places where it has no business and for which, increasingly, there is no rationale. In one of the more telling moments of his post-summit press conference in Brussels, Bush told a reporter, "If I signal to you there's no cold war, then you'll say, Well, what are you doing with troops in Europe?"

Good question. In small but significant ways, U.S. military force has been greatly in evidence in recent weeks. First there was the dispatch of the antiterrorist Delta Force to the hostage drama that never was in San Salvador's Sheraton Hotel. Then there was the decision to use F-5 fighter jets from Clark Air Base in the Philippines to intimidate military

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rebels who were trying to overthrow the government of Corazon Aquino. In the days before the summit, Bush seemed determined to throw a little weight around. Well, you know these charismatic, macho, visionary guys—they'll do anything.

While some planes went up, others came down. A C.I.A. transport ferrying weapons to Jonas Savimbi's forces crashed in southern Angola, where a negotiated settlement is supposed to be under way. But that was quietly ignored; the aircraft spotters preferred the look of a Cessna that allegedly ran out of fuel and fell to earth in El Salvador, loaded with antiaircraft missiles and other weapons for the Farabundo Martí National Liberation Front.

This chain of incidents was rife with messages about how Bush sees the use of force in foreign policy. The Sheraton episode showed a readiness to use lethal force in hair-trigger situations—without even consulting the local client regime—against those defined as "terrorists." To justify his action, Bush invoked the time-hallowed formula of "protecting American lives." The two plane crashes demonstrated, at a minimum, a willingness to employ the most egregious double standard, with never a fear of Soviet demurral. And the military encounter in Manila, aside from illustrating the weakness of a government that might fall without U.S. air support, suggests that American military bases overseas confer the right of armed intervention in the domestic affairs of the host country. Aquino now owes Washington a debt of gratitude, which will no doubt be repaid when the bases agreement is renegotiated. The purpose of the bases, of course, is to deter the Soviet threat in the Pacific. But what threat? Gorbachev has made it clear that he would happily pull out of Camranh Bay in Vietnam.

There's the rub. The classic cold war had three elements: the presence of a Soviet threat, an ideological consensus on the need to contain it and the right to intervene anywhere in the world for that purpose. Bush wants to keep the last of these intact, even if the other two have disappeared. That isn't easy, which helps explain why U.S. officials are now scurrying about trying to redefine the enemy threat. Before the summit, White House press secretary Marlin Fitzwater was saying that Moscow bore responsibility for the "Soviet-made SA-7 missiles" on the downed plane in El Salvador. After Malta, Bush said golly darn no, no one ever suggested those missiles were Soviet-made, and Gorbachev probably doesn't have much leverage anyway over those crazies in Havana and Managua. For years Castro, the Sandinistas and the F.M.L.N. have been vilifed as Soviet puppets; now they're painted as rogue terrorists or throwbacks to Leonid Brezhnev and the "old thinking."

In the long run, repackaging the Enemy Other may overtax the ingenuity of the present Administration. For now, however, Bush has a depressingly free ride. With Gorbachev preoccupied with the nightmarish state of the Soviet economy, there is no pressure from Moscow (and even less from within Washington) to moderate U.S. behavior in what are still considered sensitive areas of the Third World. For those unfortunate enough to live in those latitudes, the war is still as cold—and in places as hot—as it has ever been.

Lula's in Town

Brazil's December 17 presidential election runoff between rightist Fernando Collor de Mello and socialist Luis Inâcio (Lula) da Silva promises to be the most polarized presidential campaign in the country's history. Lula's Worker's Party (P.T.), a coalition of radical trade unionists, the progressive wing of the Catholic Church, peasant activists and left-wing intellectuals, and Collor's National Reconstruction Party (P.R.N.) propose radically different remedies for Brazil's enormous social and economic problems.

Brazil, with the world's eighth-largest capitalist economy, is confronting its worst-ever economic crisis. Annual inflation is running at around 1,500 percent, industrial production is stagnant and real wages have fallen by about 50 percent in the past year. Lula offers clear proposals: an immediate suspension of interest payments on the country's more than $110 billion foreign debt; large-scale agrarian reform (Brazil has 12 million landless peasants, while 1 percent of the population owns 50 percent of arable land); and curbs on the military, which continues to exercise tremendous power despite relinquishing office in 1985.

Collor, by contrast, calls for the privatization of state-owned companies, increased foreign investment and negotiations with the banks to obtain easier repayment terms on the debt. He has also painted himself as a political outsider, attacking the unpopular incumbent, President José Sarney. However, his alliances with such men as Amazonino Mendes, the governor of the state of Amazonas who once offered to hand out free chain saws to clear the rain forest, and Albano Franco, archconservative president of the National Confederation of Industry, suggest that his attacks on the political establishment should not be taken too seriously.

Collor is the odds-on favorite; polls show him with roughly a 10 percent lead over Lula. There are several reasons for this. First, Collor piled up 20 million votes (28 percent of the total) in the first round on November 15, while Lula squeaked in with just 16.1 percent, edging out the veteran left-wing populist Leonel Brizola. The first-round balloting was almost equally divided between leftist and rightist parties, but Brazilian votes often have little to do with ideology, as Collor's first-place showing indicates. Collor, a charismatic populist, has strong appeal among uneducated rural voters: With the backing of powerful landlords who round up the votes in the near-feudal countryside, he gained up to 60 percent support in some impoverished states of the north and northeast.

Second, conservatives poured millions into Collor's first-round effort. The candidate had fourteen planes at his disposal; Lula flew on commercial flights until the last twenty-five days of the campaign. Third and most important, Collor has strong media backing. The Globo television network, whose owner, Roberto Marinho, endorsed Collor, has at least a 70 percent audience share. Political scientist René Dreifuss analyzed Globo's first-round coverage and found that Collor had been shown on TV three times as

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often as Lula and portrayed in a far more sympathetic light.

Yet Lula has a fighting chance of pulling off an upset, especially if the P.T. can frame the election as a battle between rich and poor. Party president Luis Gushiken says, "We're going to expose Collor for what he is: a representative of the right-wing elite, closely linked to bankers, large landholders and big businessmen." Collor has fought to shed this image and depict himself as a European-style social democrat. But to the undisguised delight of the P.T., worried businessmen have flocked to Collor's camp.

In the runoff, says David Fleischer, a political scientist at the University of Brasília, "Collor won't be able to use his main strategy of the first round, which was to say that he was running against the corrupt and the privileged. Now Collor's the privileged one and the P.T. can easily show he's part and parcel of the same system as Sarney and his other 'enemies.'" Lula may also be able to erode Collor's base of support among the rural poor. Thanks to the help of church activists, the P.T. ran surprisingly well in the first round in the rural states of the north and northeast. One priest in Recife put a sign in front of his church saying: "Think before you vote. Are you a boss or a worker? Of the candidates for president, who is a boss? Who is a worker? Would you vote for the boss?" In that neighborhood, Lula beat Collor better than 3 to 1, and if he can increase his share of the second-round vote, Collor could be in real trouble.

The trickiest question for Lula will be how to cement alliances with the smaller center-left parties—whose support he needs in order to win—without abandoning the P.T.'s strong ideological pitch to poor voters. Brizola has already agreed to back Lula, but the support of the Brazilian Social Democracy Party, which came in fourth with 11 percent, has been more elusive. The party calls Lula the "progressive option" but has declined to campaign actively on his behalf.

According to Dreifuss, "With all the help Collor had in the first round, it's a miracle he didn't get 60 percent of the vote. If the P.T. can polarize the debate and establish alliances with other progressive forces, Lula can win the election." Whatever the outcome, the growth of the P.T., which today is Brazil's most solidly established party, has changed the political landscape of this country. As one Brazilian journalist commented, "This is the first time since Pedro Cabral came ashore in 1500 that the rich are genuinely frightened."

KEN SILVERSTEIN

Ken Silverstein is a journalist based in Rio de Janeiro.

Seize the Day

The eruption of popular politics in Eastern Europe occurs at the intersection of two historical trajectories, one set in motion by the rise of Solidarity in Poland, the other by the strategic policies engendered by Mikhail Gorbachev. Both were caused by the systemic disorganization of industrial and technological production in Leninist states.

The emergence of Solidarity demonstrated to Eastern Europeans that the creation of democratic space was possible in a one-party state. Although the independent trade union was suppressed after fifteen months, its continued existence, maintained by the more than 1,000 underground journals that provided networks of democratic communication, had the effect of lifting the leaden weight of political resignation that had immobilized whole populations during forty-four years of Communist authoritarian control.

Seven years of disastrous martial law in Poland succeeded in establishing in the minds of the party elite that, to save the economy from total collapse, some sort of deal had to be made with society: thus the acquiescence in the April round table, the elections that followed and the eventual accession of a non-Communist prime minister. Gorbachev had by that time made it clear he would accept what Brezhnev would not—a fact that energized the peoples of Hungary, East Germany and Czechoslovakia. Party members, even some party elites, were affected by the same dynamics.

In the emerging popular constituencies, communications between worker-centered structures and middle-class opposition groups are most fully developed in Poland and—as far as can yet be surmised—least developed in East Germany. This opens up room for some distressingly familiar class politics in which self-styled liberty-loving politicians of the middle class formulate policies deeply injurious to the workers. Poland's workers seem to be best positioned to protect themselves. On the other hand, a better economic base exists in East Germany on which to try to build coherent popular structures of production and politics. Everywhere, however, decreased military expenditures are desperately needed to free resources for economic transformation.

The initial response of the Bush Administration and the West has not been particularly encouraging. Old ways, dating from a prenuclear age, of conceptualizing "comparative advantage" still dominate policy-making centers in Washington and seem to override any concern for the economic problems in the United States.

These habits of political argumentation seem not only irrelevant but positively unhelpful in the transformed geopolitical situation. The stakes are too high to permit classic left-right polemical flourishes. If, out of their respective senses of self-interest, a conservative general named Jaruzelski can make a deal with Solidarity, and the head of a conservative bureaucracy named Gorbachev can make a deal with East German democrats (socialists and otherwise), it seems possible to argue that the conservative regime in Washington can make a deal with Gorbachev. It clearly is in our national interest to do so.

LAWRENCE GOODWYN

Lawrence Goodwyn is a professor of history at Duke University. His forthcoming book on Solidarity will be published by Oxford University Press.

COMING UP

Kate Rouhana on the *intifada.*

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Soul of a Soulless World

As they tossed up and down on the billows of the wine-dark sea, Gorbachev told Bush that "ideological struggle" should be a thing of the past. So we'll just have to carry on without him. Gorbachev has done great things, but he has a dreadful weakness for hot air. I wonder if he blathers at Raisa across the breakfast meats and pickles the way he does at international encounters of the sort recently concluded in Malta. On and on go the strophes of windy uplift. He seems never to use one word when twenty will do.

When I went around Moscow with my brother Patrick a couple of years ago, he warned me from his experience as correspondent for *The Financial Times* that it's dangerous to ask any Soviet official the usual light warm-up question at the start of an interview, such as "Nippy weather for the time of year" or "I say, do you really think that history repeats itself, the first time as tragedy and the second time as farce?" From many Russians these preliminaries can provoke an unstoppable tumult of verbiage, consuming most of the allotted span of the interview.

Gorbachev met with the Pope on December 1. The *New York Times* report of remarks he made the previous day in Rome was headlined "Gorbachev Lauds Religion on Eve of Meeting Pope." I stared gloomily at the story by Clyde Haberman. "We have changed our attitude on some matters, such as religion, for example, which admittedly we used to treat in a simplistic manner," Gorbachev proclaimed. "Now we not only proceed from the assumption that no one should interfere in matters of the individual's conscience; we also say that the moral values that religion generated and embodied for centuries can help in the work of renewal in our country too." Thus did the President of the Soviet Union assert that the moral values and sanctions promoted by organized religion have somehow down the ages been synonymous with the motions of individual conscience. The exact opposite is obviously true, since organized religion is nothing if not intervention—for much of the church's history heavily armed intervention—into the motions of the aforementioned individual conscience.

Monk Business

Long ago St. Bernard of Clairvaux proposed the notion that "faith must be the result of conviction and should not be imposed by force," but Christianity generated one of the most thoroughgoing exercises in mind control in the history of the world, in which the impure thought carried a penalty of death. With the Inquisition promoted by the church in the middle of the twelfth century came many of the horrors of interrogation, torture, forced confession, extorted conversion and extermination that have plagued the world ever since. In 1252, Pope Innocent IV authorized the use of torture during inquisitorial interrogations for the purpose of extracting confessions or the names of heretics. He believed that all power not represented by the church, and therefore himself, was not constituted by God and so was illegitimate. As Pope he was stand-in for Christ the King and thus "naturally and potentially" the leader of the political as well as spiritual world. Innocent's views have resounded down the ages and are part of those moral views that Gorbachev praised.

Jeane Kirkpatrick first drew herself to Reagan's attention with the thesis that totalitarian regimes would never permit internal renewal or pass peacefully from the stage of history. By far the best illustration of totalitarian inability to surrender peacefully is Pope John Paul II. This bigot—vicious in his assaults on liberation forces, imposing reactionary "moral values" over individual conscience, oppressing women—preserves in his own eminence the political tyranny discomfited in his native land.

The Pope now threatens the Brazilian priest Leonardo Boff, one of the great champions of the liberation theology movement. In Brazil it is rumored that Boff will be stripped of his right to teach sometime in January. Meanwhile, Boff and others like him all over Latin America are expressing such true moral values as may be derived from the Catholic faith. As Mauro Morelli, the Bishop of Duque de Caxias, a poor city on the outskirts of Rio, said recently, "Several of the Pope's aides are supporters of the Christian Democrats in Italy, and the Pope himself has tremendous influence in Eastern Europe. Furthermore the church has always been involved in politics. Unfortunately, it has usually been on the wrong side."

As you can see, Gorbachev's unguent words had me dancing with fury, but the truth is that what the *Times* editors, their grip on the obvious long since loosened by ideological passion, regarded as headline material was in fact an aside, made as a comradely gesture before meeting the Pope. That same day in *The Boston Globe* the headline was "Gorbachev Calls for Framework to End Europe's Division." The reporter, Paul Quinn-Judge, said that Gorbachev had called for a "revolution of the mind," a thirty-five-nation summit, accessible borders, freedom, radical reform. At the end of his story Quinn-Judge noted that Gorbachev had made "a nod in the direction of the church on the eve of his meeting with the Pope" and then relayed the Soviet President's remarks on religion. In *The Washington Post* that day the banner headline was "Gorbachev Proposes Summit of 35 Nations on Europe." Of the speech, Michael Dobbs wrote its "main message" was that "the West would be making a fatal mistake if it sought to exploit political upheavals in Eastern Europe to proclaim the 'collapse of socialism.'"

Slow on His Feet

So maybe Gorby is somewhat off the hook on the matter of religion. Even so it's depressing how he misses, or maybe deliberately skirts, the simplest opportunities to make the telling points at international encounters. Those great paragraphs of banality rattling around under his trilby deafen him to the obvious. In colloquies with capitalists and Catholics, he turns the other cheek and deserts those who should be his natural allies. Imagine if Gorbachev had praised the

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work of Catholic priests and nuns who are living and dying for the cause of justice and if, when the Pope said that full recognition of the Soviet government would come only when it had been determined that Gorbachev was truly sincere and the Catholics in the Ukraine were requited, Gorbachev had reminded him that in the Pope's own extensive realm people are under persecution and harassment for holding as matters of conscience religious and moral opinions different from those of the Pontiff. How easy it would have been, when Bush raised the issue of Central America, for Gorbachev to have mentioned the funds sped by the U.S. government to reward the murderers of the Jesuits and their helpers, or to have asked how aid to the *contras* did not constitute "interference" in Central America.

Prof Fumes at 'Ravings' Slur

A professor of philosophy, Warren Steinkraus of SUNY, Oswego, wrote recently to reprove me for using the word "ravings" here to describe biblical texts from Isaiah and Revelation rejected by me and my brothers as passages suitable to be read out at our mother's funeral. The professor gave me to understand that although I may be intellectually and spiritually crippled by improper or overly exigent indoctrination in my youth, I should now, as a person of mature years, avoid such crude terms as "ravings" to characterize Scripture.

Much of the Bible is bloodthirsty nonsense, often genocidal in literal commandment. From Isaiah the vicar had offered some appalling stuff about what God would do to people who strayed from the true path. I can't remember the particular passage from Revelation, but most of that book is psychotic, as the Gideon Bible thoughtfully provided here in the Embassy Suites Hotel in St. Paul, Minnesota, discloses: "And I saw three unclean spirits like frogs coming out of the mouth of the dragon. . . ."

A look at the Old Testament offers the reminder that there's certainly no reason to single out the Catholic Church for abuse. But next thing you know, Gorbachev will be extolling the tolerant traditions of Judaism to Shamir, though the Pope would probably like to remind him that the fate marked out for Jesus Christ is of being boiled alive in excrement for all eternity.

Shamir would then be able to point out to Gorbachev that the religious texts in question enjoin annihilation on the Canaanites, *a k a* the Palestinians. This week marks the second anniversary of the start of the *intifada*. On the table as I write is a newspaper story about a 10-year-old girl who died after being shot in the eye in the course of one of the biggest army sweeps of Palestine since 1967. No less than 2,000 soldiers inundated Nablus searching for leaders of the uprising. During these clashes a 4-year-old was struck in the head by a "rubber" bullet (the ones I've seen, called "improved" rubber bullets, are actually metal balls with a thin plastic coating). A 12-year-old was blown to pieces when he picked up an object that exploded. In September thirteen children under the age of 16 were killed in the occupied territories and 220 were wounded. I met an ophthalmologist in Westchester County recently who is going to the territories next year mostly to operate on children blinded or impaired in vision from army bullets, which are often fired at a child's eye level. O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon.

Memento Mori for Marty

I've been on the stump for a month now, talking about *The Fate of the Forest: Developers, Destroyers and Defenders of the Amazon*, an attractive masterpiece, apt for the gift-giving season, by Susanna Hecht and myself. As usual, town after town, campus upon campus, display energetic organizations working around issues such as Central America and the environment. Since the beginning of the F.M.L.N. offensive there have been more than 400 vigils and demonstrations across the country, during which about 1,000 people have been arrested for acts of civil disobedience.

At one remote hamlet someone asked whether it was true that Martin Peretz had been entirely incapacitated by a stroke in Paris and *The New Republic* was now being edited by Rick Hertzberg, with Peretz mutely nodding a yea or nay as the weekly catchment of drivel came through his bedside modem. There's an element of truth in this. A few weeks ago Sir James Goldsmith gave a party for his friend Edward Jay Epstein, author of *Deception*, which is mostly a tribute to his deceased acquaintance James Angleton.* For the feast Goldsmith chose Le Laurent, the most expensive restaurant in Paris, populated by plutocrats so bloated that they have to be rubbed down with Vaseline to squeeze through the door. Flanking Goldsmith and Epstein were such adornments of the age as the *ci-devant* New Philosopher Bernard Henri-Levy and Mr. and Mrs. Martin Peretz.

Sumptuous viands were shoveled down and Peretz retired to the bathroom. Soon thereafter a maid dashed in, shouting that tragedy had occurred and *le monsieur* was in a stricken state, prone on the costly marble. The reaction at the table was apparently more one of peevishness that the liqueurs and post-nosh festivities were thus marred than of concern for the chief of *The New Republic*. The fire brigade was called, on the grounds that French firefighters usually respond to calls for help whereas ambulances do not. The fire brigade rushed in, took a look at the fallen *rédacteur* and called an ambulance. Goldsmith poured dollar bills into the hands of Mrs. Peretz, heiress to the Singer fortune, but did not offer his limousine to the party escorting Peretz to no less than three hospitals, where doctors probed for vital signs. At first things looked bad, and such pensioners of Peretz as the bibulous biblioklept Henry Fairlie no doubt trembled for their patron and their stipends. But now Peretz has returned to his version of sentience, and a typically toxic column over his name appeared in *The New Republic* for November 20.

*Ed Epstein's best book, *Agency of Fear*, about the Nixon drug war, should be republished. It is the definitive text on the form of political villainy known as the "drug crusade."

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN

■ Cheney: Give Me a Trim

"We were all joyous at the scenes of people climbing on the [Berlin] Wall, but the problem is how do you make money on this?" So wondered Charles Clough, the chief investment strategist for Merrill Lynch, to a reporter from *The Wall Street Journal*. That certainly has to be the sentiment at the Pentagon, where Defense Secretary Dick Cheney turned budgetary necessity into an end-of-cold-war gesture by agreeing to cut $180 billion from the projected military budget for fiscal years 1992-94. That seems like an impressive slice—"major cuts," said one *Washington Post* headline—until you actually look at the numbers. Cheney began with proposed budgets growing at a rate of 5 percent. The $180 billion reduction in Cheney's proposed budgets will end up maintaining military spending at about the current level, though Pentagon spending will fall a little because of inflation. With these Potemkin Village cuts, President George Bush is right to note there will be no "peace dividend" from the thaw.

■ Trading in Cold War Bonds

As Republicans move quickly to dampen expectations about life after the cold war, Democrats should be able to cash in on the "clamor in the East," as *The New York Times* calls it. To the extent there has been a progressive side to the party, it has often been tied by opponents to the charge that the party is soft on defense. With the Red Menace fading, the Democratic Party has the opportunity to move domestic issues, traditionally its strong suit, to the forefront. A group of liberal members of Congress, led by Representative Barney (I'm still here) Frank, have proposed a Budget for a Strong America. Similar in concept to the alternative budget submitted earlier this year by the Congressional Black Caucus, this plan would cut $90 billion from military spending in the next three years and transfer $50 billion to domestic programs in the areas of housing, education, drug treatment, transportation, infrastructure, environment and low-income assistance. The rest would go to deficit reduction. The budget suggests specific arms cuts—something Cheney has yet to do—which include reducing U.S. troops in Europe by 100,000, canceling the Stealth bomber and halving funds for the Strategic Defense Initiative.

These cuts outpace Cheney's, representing about a 9 percent real reduction in military spending over three years. The budget from the Congressional Black Caucus, an annual offering, this year proposed a 10 percent cut in budget authority for the Pentagon. It called for no new spending on the MX missile, replacing S.D.I. with a limited research program and canceling the Stealth bomber, the Trident II and Midgetman missiles. The black caucus budget, which also proposed a tax surcharge on the richest individuals and corporations, got only 86 votes in the House in April. The Frank plan, which would leave 200,000 troops in Europe and fund either the MX or the Midgetman missile, should be easier for some members to swallow.

■ It's My Party and I'll Whine if I Want To

The Frank budget has not been embraced by the Democratic leadership—and is unlikely to be so welcomed. The Democratic Party still hasn't caught on; it remains a body at war with itself. Last month Senator Charles Robb, a leader of the Democratic Leadership Council, issued a broadside against those whom he may as well have called out-of-the-closet liberals. Speaking in readily decipherable code, he decried his party for "expanding government for the benefit of special interests" instead of "expanding opportunities for ordinary Americans." By "special interests" he did not mean the robber barons of the savings and loan industry. When I asked his press secretary if Robb could explain the difference between "ordinary Americans" and "special interests," she paused and then promised to get back to me. The promise wasn't kept, but then it didn't need to be.

Robb's speech was vapid. "We can become the architects of a fundamental redirection of our national priorities," he huffed. But he's an architect without a blueprint. He bemoaned Congress's preoccupation with such symbolic issues as arts funding and flag burning, but could do no more than urge his party to "build a new agenda on mainstream values." Change D.L.C. to D.P.L., for Democratic Party Lite: great tasting themes and no filling details. Alas, for Robb, with the changes in the East, the D.P.L. crowd has lost half its brief against those liberals who once were derisively termed McGovernite. (Remember Les Aspin's snotty remark in July when the House approved a scaled-back Pentagon budget: "We've got a Michael Dukakis budget.") The best Robb can do now is show that he is not as crass as Lee Atwater in playing the race card. While attacking "special interests," he nevertheless claims his is the party to give hope to the impoverished, deal with the housing crisis, expand health and child care. But, unlike Frank and the black caucus, the architect has nothing concrete to offer.

■ Crying Wolf

While events in the East occur at a dizzying pace, some in the West clamor for the good old days. Former Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger pooh-poohs recent events in Eastern Europe—"pleasing rhetoric," he noted—and worries about any decrease in military spending. The Office of Personnel Management has just revised its employment questionnaire, which now asks candidates for certain Federal jobs, "Have you ever been a member, officer, or employee of the Communist Party?" The old form had such questions about political association removed in 1977.

For those stuck in the past, there's a holiday treat in Washington. When the local Beethoven Society presents Sergei Prokofiev's *Peter and the Wolf* this month, performed by members of the National Symphony Orchestra and the American Contemporary Ballet Company, the narrator will be convicted felon Oliver North. The earnest voice that has solemnly warned of the international Soviet threat and Mikhail Gorbachev's trickery will relate the story of Peter going *mano a mano* with the evil enemy lurking in the woods.

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ARTICLES.

CHILE CHOOSES A PRESIDENT

Democracy on The Slow Track

PATRICIA POLITZER

Santiago, Chile

Nobody in Chile now doubts that a civilian successor to the fearsome Gen. Augusto Pinochet will be democratically elected on December 14—even though the general will remain President until next March, and even though he insists that he will remain in command of the army for another four years, under the terms of the constitution that he railroaded through in 1980.

The election will be a three-way contest. The candidates are the Christian Democrat Patricio Aylwin, who enjoys the backing of the entire opposition spectrum that ranges from Communists to conservatives and even includes some repentant military officers; former Finance Minister Hernán Büchi, who represents continuity with the military regime and has the support of Pinochet and the state apparatus; and a successful and polemical businessman named Francisco Javier Errázuriz, who describes himself in populist fashion as a "center-centrist," equidistant from his two opponents.

However, the future significance of the vote lies less in the identity of the winner (who, it is taken for granted, will be Aylwin) than in the margin of his victory. On that will rest the character of Chile's transition to democratic rule. After sixteen years of dictatorship, Chileans are aware that the election of a president and a Congress is only the first step toward the establishment of a genuine democracy. Or perhaps one should say the second step, since the fact that Chileans are able to vote at all this month is the result of their rejection of Pinochet in a plebiscite last year that was designed to keep the general in power until 1997.

Rebuilding democracy in Chile will not be easy. The ruling alliance between the country's business class and its armed forces—both sectors being fiercely ideological—has taken advantage of its final year in power to create roadblocks to any program of political or economic change. The past few months have witnessed an epidemic of privatizations of state-owned corporations, and the regime has worked overtime to decree a package of laws whose main aims are to regulate the future role and conduct of the armed forces, the management of monetary policy and the ownership of Chile's television stations. The opposition has issued daily warnings that the regime is attempting to set up a parallel government intended to control the actions of the civilian authorities.

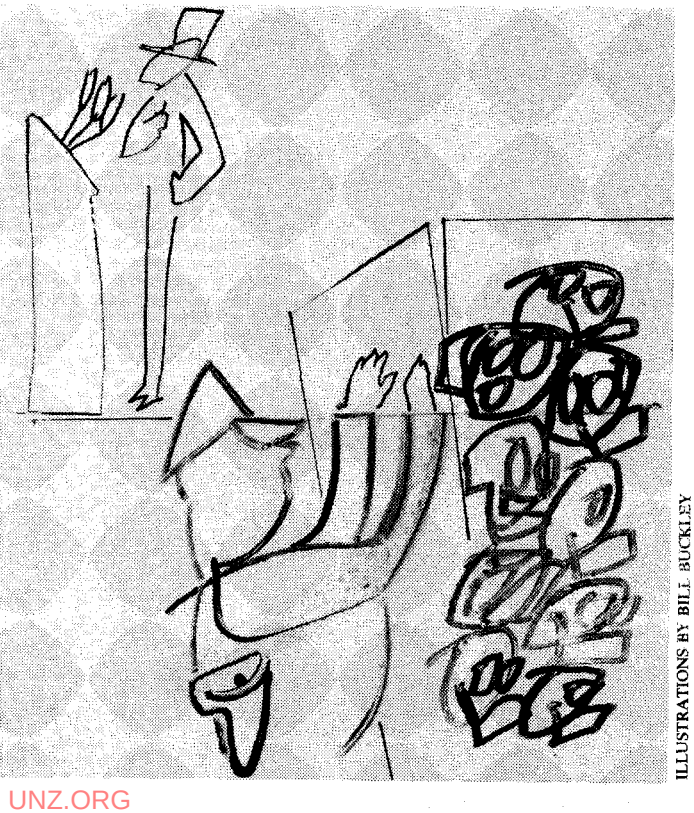
Patricia Politzer is the author of three books on Chile under Pinochet. Her collection of interviews, Fear in Chile, *was published last month by Pantheon Books.*

With his room for maneuver extremely limited, the new president will have to confront three basic problems: a military power structure that will be unwilling to submit to civilian authority, a demand for justice from those who were the victims of human rights abuses during the military regime and a call from the majority of the population for an improvement in their living standards.

Chile's free-market economy has been deluged with praise in recent years as an example for the rest of Latin America. Admittedly, between 1982 and 1986 the country paid the painful cost of adjustment, with unemployment rising to more than 30 percent and real wages falling by as much as one-fifth. But its macroeconomic indicators are now perfectly balanced. All three of the presidential candidates—especially the team of technocrats around Aylwin—have made an explicit commitment to retain the present economic model, which has eased the minds of Chilean and foreign investors.

Sadly, these flattering macroeconomic results conceal a brutal reality of poverty and enormous social inequity. "The country's doing well; I'm doing badly," is a frequent response from Chileans questioned about the economic situation. One often hears the country described as a mixture of Rotterdam and Calcutta.

The distribution of income since the military coup of 1973 has been clearly regressive. According to official statistics, between 1978 and 1988 the richest 20 percent of the population increased their share of the national income from 51 to 60 percent. The next 60 percent, which includes Chile's large middle class, saw their share fall at a corresponding rate, from 44 to 35 percent, while the poorest 20



ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL BUCKLEY

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percent had to make do, as before, on a meager 4 percent.

In present-day Chile the most advanced technologies exist side by side with misery that is inconceivable in a developed country. A farmer, for example, is likely to have all manner of modern conveniences—telex, fax, cellular telephone—and can find out in a split second the world market price of grapes. But the working conditions of those who pick the grapes are deplorable, and it is not just a matter of low wages. Farmworkers are also at the mercy of temporary employment cycles, working no more than three or four months at a time. They are denied any form of welfare benefits and are prevented from forming labor unions or any other kind of social organization. There are shades of the nineteenth century in the widespread use of child labor.

In urban areas the situation is even more drastic. High levels of unemployment persist, and the briefest acquaintance with shantytown children will reveal that their education is grossly inferior to that of their parents' generation. The fact that families may own a television set or a refrigerator does nothing to alleviate the squalid and overcrowded conditions in which they live. The housing shortage is acute, and health services have deteriorated to such a degree that public hospitals are not only understaffed and short of medicine and beds; many lack even sheets and bandages.

There are, of course, countries that are worse off than Chile—Ethiopia, for example, or Peru. But these should not be the point of comparison. Chile has to be compared with its own past. Per capita consumption today is scarcely higher than it was in 1970, when Salvador Allende was elected president. It has not yet caught up with 1981 levels.

Throughout the electoral campaign, the leaders of the *Concertacion Democrática*, the seventeen-party coalition that backs Aylwin's candidacy, have stressed that these problems cannot be solved overnight. My interviews suggest that most Chilean voters accept this reality for the simple reason that their fear of repeating the nightmare of the past sixteen years of political oppression outweighs their sense of urgency about satisfying their economic needs.

During a rally in a Santiago shantytown, a woman came up to the Socialist leader Ricardo Lagos, a prominent figure of the Chilean left and a candidate for the Senate, and told him: "You've convinced me; I'm going to vote for you because I always voted for Allende and because I believe we have to make all kinds of changes. But you must promise me that these changes will be made in such a way that the soldiers never come into my neighborhood again." The woman's words reflect a widespread sentiment. Only in the most general and superficial sense have Chileans succeeded in shedding the burden of fear that has permeated everyday life for so many years. The fear still lurks just beneath the surface and is a determining factor in voters' decisions. No one is afraid of voting for or openly supporting Aylwin. But many still sense the existence of an invisible line that cannot be crossed without risking a return to "the worst."

Until 1973, respect for human rights was not an issue for any Chilean politician. The country was a model of democracy and freedom, and the "respect for life" laid down in the constitution was understood as referring to an improvement in people's living standards. No one imagined that it could ever refer to his or her physical security. Today there is not a single Chilean who is unaware that human rights have been violated systematically for the past sixteen years. People were driven into exile, jailed, tortured, shot by firing squad. Hundreds of citizens were disappeared. Even so, it remains a topic that is hardly ever talked about, an area that few people explore in any depth. It has not been a major theme in any of the candidates' campaigns.

The victims of abuse demand truth and justice so that there can be forgiveness and reconciliation; those who supported the dictatorship argue for a clean slate so that there can be peace. Meanwhile, psychologists and other experts maintain that the horrors of the military period have affected the mental health of society, and they stress the need for healing. The entire country, they say, must come to terms with its past.

In contrast to the rest of Latin America, many of the crimes that were committed in Chile by the military have already been brought before the courts. And although the investigations have been far from efficient and the judicial system has been seriously discredited, there is some hope that Chile's judges will make renewed use of their powers next year and make progress on certain cases. At the very least, they may be able to prosecute some of the particularly horrific murders that were carried out after 1978, when the government declared that the "internal war" begun in 1973 was over. These murders are therefore not covered by the amnesty decreed retrospectively to cover the duration of that war. Such cases would include, for example, the three Communist professionals found with their throats slit, the murder of trade union leader Tucapel Jiménez, the shooting of journalist José Carrasco in September 1986 and the death of the young Chilean-American Rodrigo Rojas, who was burned alive by a military patrol in July 1986.

Very few people believe that the amnesty can be overturned and that the military personnel involved in the repression can be brought to trial. But the issue is bound to become a source of tension in the coming months. Opposition magazines and newspapers have already published detailed reports of the terror, books on the subject are becoming best sellers and there are hopes that the country will be shaken up when the gruesome facts about some of the most dramatic cases are at last presented on television.

The military high command fears such a moment, and that is one of its main reasons for keeping General Pinochet as Commander in Chief of the army. While the politicians are on the campaign trail, Pinochet has been making the rounds of the barracks, assuring his men that no one will lay a finger on them as long as he retains his post. The army is convinced that Aylwin and his colleagues are afraid of the general, and that keeping him around will avoid any human rights trials. They also count on Pinochet's presence to block any cuts in the defense budget and any civilian interference in the content of courses taught in the military schools (which are based on the rabidly anti-Communist "Doctrine of National Security") as well as to guarantee what they call

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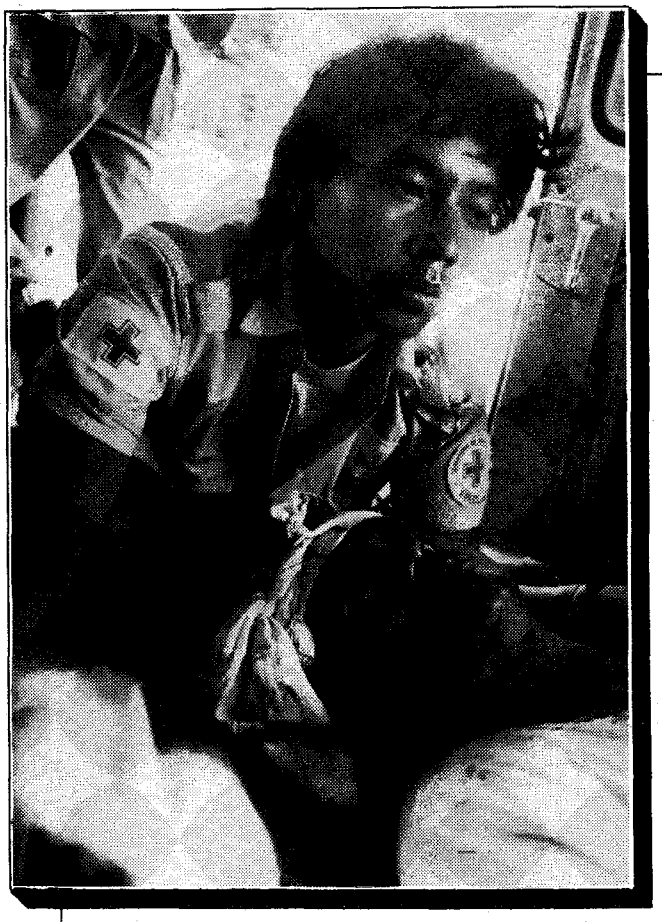

DATELINE: El Salvador
November 13, 1989

"All I could do was cry..."

- No plasma
- No suture material
- No antibiotics

YOU CAN HELP send medicines and medical relief teams to El Salvador.

The National Central America Health Rights Network (NCAHRN) immediately responded by sending a team of medical personnel and urgently needed medicines to El Salvador. Help us continue to send emergency medical relief to the people of El Salvador.

All medical supplies will be delivered by NCAHRN directly to humanitarian relief organizations in El Salvador.

Please send your tax-deductible contribution to
National Central America Health Rights Network
Box N, 853 Broadway, Room 416
New York, NY 10003 (212) 420-9635

☐ Enclosed is my contribution for emergency medical relief to El Salvador.

☐ $1000 ☐ $500 ☐ $250

☐ $100 ☐ $50 ☐ Other $_____

Please make your check out to NCAHRN, Inc.

☐ I'd like to help. Please contact me with more information.

Name _____

Address _____

_____

Phone _____

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"the honor and good name of the armed forces and their members."

Pinochet's continuation as head of the army will be the first challenge to be faced in the transition to democracy. Aylwin has said that the general should resign for the good of the country. But the general retorts that he intends to abide by the constitution and stay where he is. The time for negotiating the terms of the transition will come between December 14 and March 11, 1990, when the new president is due to take office. The strength of the civilian president's hand in those negotiations will be measured at the ballot box: the larger Aylwin's victory, the greater his bargaining power.

The most recent public opinion poll, conducted November 17 to 25 by the Academy of Christian Humanism, shows Aylwin leading with 56.4 percent of the vote, trailed by Büchi (27.5 percent) and Errázuriz (14.1 percent). One sign of the likely accuracy of these figures is Pinochet's recent failure to push through a constitutional amendment that would have granted the armed forces total autonomy from Chile's civilian authorities.

Among its other provisions, Pinochet's proposal would have allowed the military to set its own budget without notifying the government and to determine the promotion of senior officers without referring the matter to Congress. But the new law was opposed by the commanders of the navy, air force and *Carabineros* (Chile's uniformed police). Politicians from all parts of the spectrum argued that legislation of this magnitude should be considered by the new Congress. National Renovation, the party which supports Büchi, even went so far as to announce that it would seek a bipartisan accord on the question with Aylwin's *Concertacion Democrática.*

As they oscillate between incredulity and optimism after sixteen years of dictatorship, the Chilean people find in events like these some reason to feel hopeful about their future. □

ABERNATHY, KING AND THE LEFT

On the Humanity Of Saints

PETER MARIN

Just the other day I saw in the paper that a black college in the South, about to name a dorm after Ralph Abernathy, decided not to do so, apparently because of what he had written in his autobiography about Martin Luther King Jr.'s sexual behavior the night before he was assassinated. This and much else going on in black and civil rights circles in relation to King and Abernathy is absurd but revealing. It tells us something about ourselves, both as Americans and as liberals or leftists. For this nation is, after all, libertine and puritanical, often both at the same time, and those of us on the left, whatever the particulars of our politics, tend to partake of these cultural elements as much as, if not more than, others.

The proper response to this news about King should probably be, So what? Or perhaps just a twinge of sad gratitude that the man died with at least a touch of living flesh on his hands—vitality, if not love. For what, really, does any of this matter, save to those who want a reason to deny the truths he uttered? What we must learn as a people, unpleasant as it is, is that there is often no correlation between the self-evident truths of moral vision or the beauty of moral imagination and what men and women do with their emotions, bodies and lives. Just think of Emma Goldman, driven by a hysteria of love erratic enough to make any decent feminist blush. Yet does that hysteria make what she uttered about freedom less true? And if there are any fools left whose behavior is exemplary, does that make what they say true? Would we denounce the theory of gravity or evolution if we discovered that Newton or Darwin were libertines?

What came from King's lips, as he well knew, did not originate with him. Perhaps its source was God, perhaps nature, perhaps reason. Perhaps it is even coded, together with evil, in our genes. But whatever the case, it simply passed through him. He saw it, he spoke it, he did not invent it, and its validity does not rise or fall with his behavior. The power of moral truths inheres in *them*—or, at the very least, in the complex relationship between truth and those who seek it, or think they've found it.

I do not say this in order to defend King's truths from those on the "other side" who would deny or evade them. I'm not trying to protect those truths from those who would call them into question—if anyone would—because King was not a paragon of domestic virtue. No, my purpose here is different. What I'd like is for everyone to leave Abernathy alone. If there are divisions within the black community, or in the broader civil rights movement, there is no need for them to be hinged on this issue. Whatever Abernathy's motives, whatever the workings of his psyche (and who but Abernathy can really know them?), if he told the truth he had every right to do so, and perhaps an obligation.

If King possessed a truth, as he did, and if his words sounded in the heart as they did because they carried the truth, how can another truth injure it? For the truth is all of a piece; it is what we must live with, like it or not; and its presence, no matter how it hurts or seems to destroy (and make no mistake, truth always destroys), also heals. It makes us whole and sets us free, even when it is a truth as small and unimportant as the truth of King's sexual life.

We on the left have got to recognize what few Americans want to acknowledge, whatever their politics: that virtue is always partial, that good and bad are mixed in every policy and every person, that the correctness of one's moral or political position is no guarantee of ultimate virtue or superiority and that vision, virtue and goodness grow side by side with, and even out of, human error and corruption.

Peter Marin, a contributing editor of Harper's, *is at work on* Margins, *a book about the homeless.*

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Those who do not understand this will forever remain shrill children.

One of the failings of "our side" has always been the reluctance to recognize or acknowledge the partial nature of every good, the ambiguous mixture at the heart of all human motives, and the fact that we may, in the end, be no better or worse than any others, in no way superior to those we consider to be our enemies. But there is as much corruption, dishonesty, vanity, sloth, greed and sin on the left as there is in any other segment of society, and yet none of that really has anything to do with whether income should be distributed equitably, whether all men and women should be free and equal or whether abortions should be available on demand. The truth of all moral assertions or propositions, not only King's, turns on their self-evidence, their appeals to reason or the organs of empathy or sympathy, and not on the virtue of their proponents.

That, of course, often has not been enough for most of us who hold passionate views. What we believe (or hope) is that opinions, convictions or praxis somehow make us better than others. It is not justice alone that draws us, inspires us. It is also the greedy and vain dream of being somehow better than others, not only more "right" but also more holy.

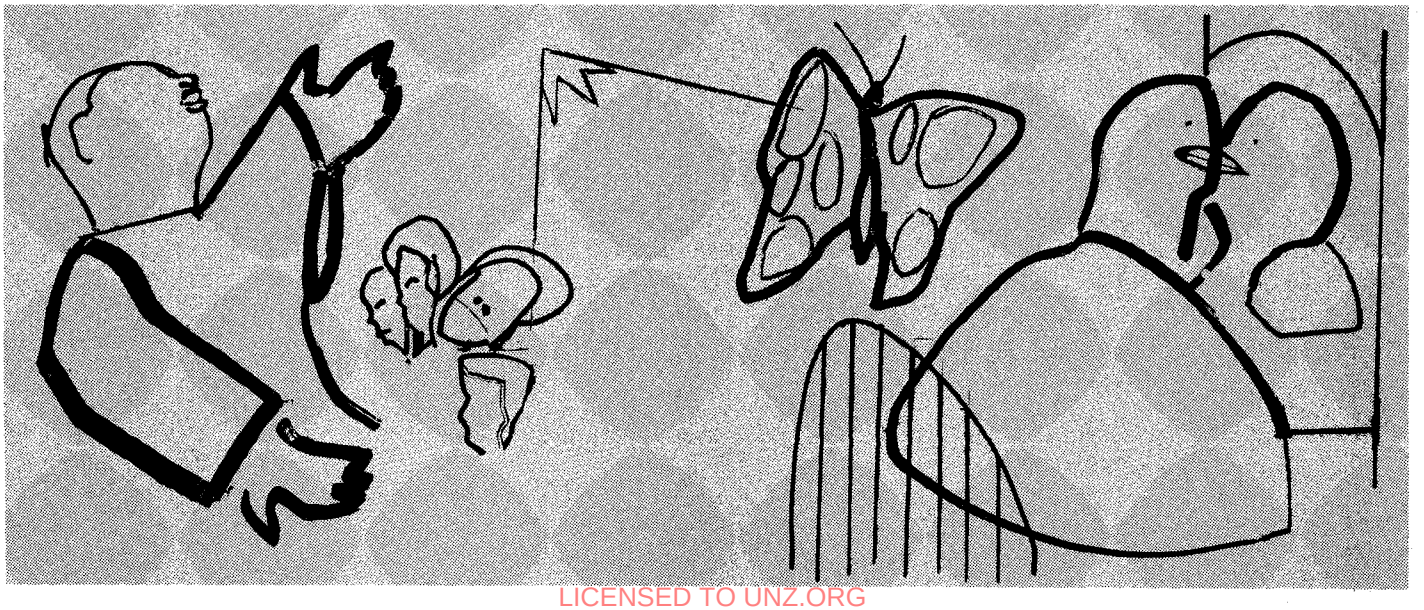
There has always been on the left, at least as long as I've been alive, a desperate need for a sensed superiority or even purity—a kind of moral hygiene through which large numbers of people vigorously and hungrily assert, through politics, a need for a feeling of virtue. We tend to see those who oppose us as villains, or of the Devil's party and somehow by nature inferior to us. This was clear in the 1960s, especially in the supposed sexual revolution, when every sexual preference or activity was presented as healthy, or a social good, and where those who were not flagrantly sexual, or homosexual, or bisexual, were perceived as repressed and sick. Each person, in relation to sexuality as well as politics, tended to insist that his or her own preference or idiosyncrasy was in itself a source of virtue, wisdom or salvation.

It is this quality which is often more prevalent on the left than in the rest of the country. True, the stridency, say, of the antiabortionists sets one's teeth on edge, especially their conviction that all the rest of us are sinners. But that stridency is often more than matched on our side, where all those who oppose abortion are seen as knaves, dupes or oppressors. We seem unable to credit them with a concern for life, or a muddled love for it, somehow equal to our own.

And that is in large part what is involved in the response to Abernathy's revelations (which can hardly be said to have come as a surprise to most of us). King's sexual behavior and predilections, when revealed, threaten our sense of superiority and the absolute virtue of our positions. The rage at Abernathy is rooted in large part in our need to believe in our moral superiority. We, like everyone in the world, have a need to suppress, obliterate or denounce all that would threaten or call into question our dreams about our own virtue—or, for that matter, the larger dream of the perfectibility of human nature or the social order.

Perhaps King's frailty frightens some of us because, at bottom, it suggests to us that human frailty, error and corruption are pretty evenly distributed along the human spectrum, and that they have a tenacity of their own, are planted in human nature and will not be easily eradicated. We don't want to believe that, don't want to see it. But we know it, of course. Each of us, inspecting our own lives, must see—how could we not?—how virtue and error are intermingled, how goodness and cruelty are twinned in the egg and then in the psyche, and how every life and even every single act are so laden with complexity, ambiguity and the possibility of error that no final purity is possible for most of us—not in our private lives, not in politics.

But why should that disturb us? I don't know. Indeed, the commingling of good and evil is, in some ways, the most miraculous thing about human nature: A passion for justice, a vision of the good and a love for others rise from the same moiling stew of motive, need and selfishness that produces cruelty and harm. I do not mean to suggest that King necessarily did harm or was cruel. Only the women with whom he lay down can say whether he and they brought one



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another closer to life than to death. Appearances and facts tell us nothing about that.

We do know that King was not a perfect man, or maybe not even a "good" man. Again, so what? He was a brave and inspiring man constantly under great pressure and in immense danger, and in spite of that pressure and danger he spoke for a part of what is holy in men and women; he called always—did he not—for truth, and he seemed to know, in terms of how he bade his followers deal with others, that no particular man or woman is that much better than an enemy or anyone else. None of that is canceled or diminished by his bedroom behavior. Indeed, his behavior may underline that message and make it clearer. And I've little doubt that he would think that losing a hero or a perfect martyr is a small price to pay for regaining the privilege of living with truth and human complexity.

I think everyone, even King's followers, owes Abernathy a debt of gratitude, if he was telling the truth. I would name the dorm for him, after all. I'm not bothered by the fact that King was immersed in life, whatever shape it may have taken, a few hours before his death. He died with the beauty of his astonishing words anchored in, weighed down by and lifting up the terrors, graces and, yes, perhaps the cruelties of even *his* human nature. What's bad about that? What could be better? □

KING HUSSEIN'S SURPRISE

Jordan Votes the Islamic Ticket

STEPHEN HUBBELL

Amman, Jordan

How very tiresome this whole election business has become for Jordan's King Hussein. He presides over a kingdom hailed in the West as a "model of stability," and foreign journalists fondly pronounce him "plucky" and "pro-American." In gentlemanly fashion, he absented himself last year from the West Bank and relinquished his role as Middle East powerbroker and peacemaker to President Hosni Mubarak of Egypt. When bloody riots broke out in April in response to an austerity program imposed by the International Monetary Fund, he sacked his unpopular Prime Minister, Zaid al-Rifai, and called general parliamentary elections, the first since 1967. Shortly before the vote he lifted some restrictions on the press and ended the ban on six controversial journalists, thus setting the stage for what was widely expected to be an unremarkable endorsement of royal policy.

Imagine His Majesty's consternation, then, when the election results rolled in on November 8, announcing landslide victories for some of his worst enemies and miserable defeats for numerous close allies. After being warned by the King not to mix religion with politics, many voters did just that, giving 34 out of 80 seats in Parliament to members of the fundamentalist Muslim Brotherhood and like-minded Islamic extremists. Leftists and Arab nationalists captured enough of the remaining seats to give the opposition a working, if fragile, majority. When the King opened Parliament on November 27, he stared down upon row after row of unfriendly faces, none more so than that of Mansur Murad.

Even by the standards of a troubled region, the 39-year-old, bespectacled and cleanshaven Murad is not your run-of-the-mill member of Parliament. He is best remembered in the West for his role in the 1967 bombing of the El Al Israel Airlines office in Athens and the subsequent hijacking of an El Al airliner. After release from prison, he rejoined the armed struggle, served with a Palestinian militia in Lebanon during the 1982 Israeli invasion and later moved back to Jordan, entering the race for Parliament in Amman's third district when Hussein announced elections this past July. His candidacy illustrates several of the paradoxes posed by the contest. A Jordanian and Circassian, he won support from Palestinian nationalists living in his district. A leftist, he succeeded while most of his comrades were being trounced by the Brotherhood. A political militant, he is a staunch defender of the democratic process launched by Hussein. "If there is no democracy in Jordan," he insists, "the situation will explode."

Murad's strong showing among Palestinians—now a majority of the Jordanian population—is particularly noteworthy. Although the elections, the first to exclude the West Bank, were widely expected to demonstrate growing Palestinian influence in Jordanian politics, only a handful of the several dozen ethnic Palestinian candidates won their races. "Many Palestinians are against having a large delegation in Parliament," argues Fahed Fanek, senior researcher at the Arab Thought Forum and an economic columnist for the Arabic-language daily *Al Ra'i*, "because they fear it will be the delegation Israel insists on talking to." This, they believe, would threaten the position of the Palestine Liberation Organization as the sole legitimate representative of the Palestinian people. "For Israelis who think Jordan is Palestine," he says, "the election proves them wrong."

The battle between Hussein and P.L.O. leader Yasir Arafat for leadership of the Palestinians living on the East Bank of the Jordan River has been raging for decades. Since the Black September events of 1970, when the King crushed Palestinian forces operating in Jordan, relations between the government and the P.L.O. have been strained. After reaching an accord with Arafat in 1985 on a proposal for a federation between Jordan and a future state of Palestine, the King broke with Arafat and the P.L.O. in February 1986, reportedly over the P.L.O.'s unwillingness to endorse United Nations Resolution 242. In the months that followed, Hussein gained the upper hand in his ongoing struggle with Arafat, but when the *intifada* began in December 1987, the situation was reversed. Within weeks, Arafat had reasserted his control over the Palestinian movement. Seven months later, Hussein dramatically announced cancellation of the

Stephen Hubbell, a freelance writer based in Cairo, covers the Middle East.

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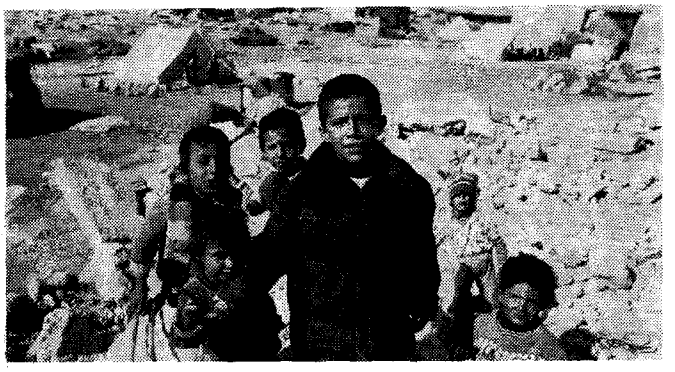

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A Future

Community-run co-ops make it possible to maintain a boycott of Israeli-produced food products. These co-ops create the means to develop an indigenous economy that will reduce Palestinian dependence on Israel.

Dignity. Self-reliance. Cultural pride. All key to building a national society. And all made possible, in part, through the hard work of organizations like Palestine Aid Society (PAS).

Palestine Aid Society

Through its twenty chapters throughout the U.S., PAS funds self-help programs in the West Bank and Gaza. Through direct material aid, PAS helps Palestinians build schools, organize cooperatives, feed refugees, provide badly-needed medical care, and re-build their homes.

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Support is urgently needed. As the Intifadah grows, repression is escalating. Families are made homeless. Many schools remain closed. The increasing costs of resistance forces thousands of Palestinians to manage without adequate food or clothing.

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- Mobile health vehicles to bring emergency medical supplies and treatment into Palestinian communities.
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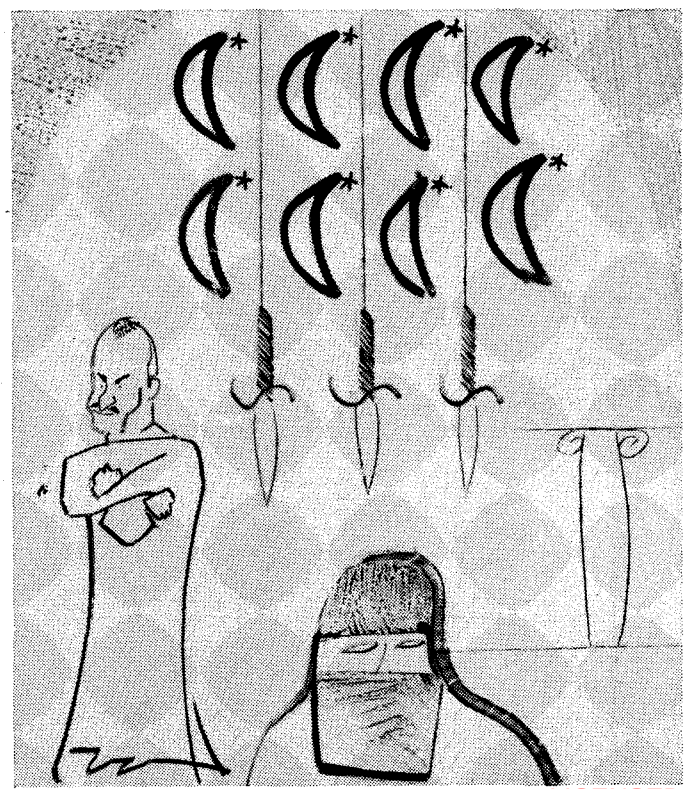
$1.2 billion West Bank Development Plan, shortly thereafter relinquishing administrative control over the West Bank. By all appearances, the leadership question for East and West Bank Palestinians was settled.

Enter the Islamic right. "The fundamentalists are a threat not only to the government," one observer pointed out, "but also to the P.L.O. and the left." The Islamic opposition apparently polled well in the refugee camps, outdistancing several popular leftist and nationalist figures of both Palestinian and Jordanian origin. Murad credits his participation in the Palestinian armed struggle with providing his margin of victory. Others were not as fortunate. In Amman's third district, where Murad captured one of five available seats, the fundamentalists threw their support behind Fakhri Kawar, a candidate for the district's lone Christian seat, in order to defeat Communist Party General Secretary Ya'qub Zaidin, who was widely regarded as the favorite. They applied the same strategy, with much success, to topple other left-wing candidates. The left and the various P.L.O. factions, many of whose leaders are Christian, fell before the "Return to Islam" battle cry of the fundamentalists.

The anemic showing of Communist and independent socialist candidates is symptomatic of the malaise gripping the left throughout the region. Unlike the fundamentalists, the left by and large has failed to capitalize on popular discontent. The government blamed the left for inciting the April disturbances, but the left polled poorly in the very towns where the riots began. Leftists suffered under the official ban on organized political parties and claim with good reason that the Brotherhood, which enjoys legality as a "charitable institution," held an unfair advantage over rival opposition groups. The fundamentalists have benefited from the common perception that Muslim parliamentarians would be less vulnerable to state harassment than leftists. As if to dramatize the point, security forces rounded up some forty left-wing activists several days before the vote. As one journalist put it, "People asked themselves, Why should I vote for someone who won't be allowed to take office?"



"People didn't believe the democratic process would take place," echoed Salem Nahas, a novelist and leading member of the Jordanian People's Democratic Party, a newly formed group affiliated with the Democratic Front for the Liberation of Palestine. Nahas, himself narrowly defeated by a weak Christian candidate backed by the Islamic right, attributes the widespread skepticism to the long absence of democratic institutions and political parties in Jordan and to the voters' lack of experience with electoral politics. "Voting for the left required people to take responsibility on their own shoulders. The Brotherhood is established and therefore safe. The left was more risky." The legalization of political parties, which King Hussein promised in his opening address to Parliament, and the repeal of martial law would greatly enhance the chances of nonreligious opposition groups in future contests.

The Islamic right was most effective in securing the defeat of women candidates. The November vote, the first general election since women won the franchise in 1974, was also the first in which women ran for office. None of the thirteen candidates made it to Parliament, and the heavy hand of Islamic reaction is most evident in the thrashing meted out at the polls to Toujan Faisal in Amman's fifth electoral district. Prior to the election, Faisal had been the target of a legal action initiated by two Muslim fundamentalists who sought to have her declared mentally incompetent, to annul her marriage and to exonerate anyone who might try to kill her. The cause for the fracas was an article she had written for an Amman newspaper arguing that the Koran grants equal rights to men and women. "I wrote it from an Islamic perspective," she said, "and that's why they were frightened of me. If I had been secular, or Christian, they would have ignored me." Although the suit was dismissed by an Islamic court several days before the vote, the threat had its desired effect. "I ran in a conservative district, where the men control the women, and the men told their wives not to vote for me."

The roots of the defeat suffered by the other female candidates lie deeper. "A great many women in Jordan are brainwashed," Faisal says. "They lack confidence in themselves, and they're not aware of their rights." One women's rights activist told the English-language *Jordan Times*, "In our society, even if a woman is liberal . . . she is still heavily influenced by her husband, father, brother or even son in her voting trends." Old habits die hard. Human rights lawyer Asma Khader insists that women candidates "should have introduced themselves as representatives of the nation at large," not just as advocates for women, in order to win the votes of men and thus indirectly of women. However, as Toujan Faisal puts it, "I am fighting for human rights, and when you fight for human rights, you find yourself often fighting for the rights of women and children."

Despite its impressive electoral showing, the Islamic plurality in Parliament is singularly unprepared to deal with Jordan's worsening economic situation. As Zaidin re-

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marked, "The fundamentalists have no program." Sobered by the April riots, Western lending institutions eased some of the pressure on Jordan to enact strict cost-cutting measures and agreed to an eighteen-month standby on debt repayment. But ultimately a coherent policy with regard to the $8.3 billion debt will have to be formulated. And, although the reverse oil shock has not yet produced the long-awaited flood of Jordanian workers returning from the Persian Gulf states, it has cut drastically into expatriate remittances, which have fallen more than 30 percent since 1986. Unemployment, officially put at 12 percent, is actually much higher and will grow as Jordan's youthful population matures.

For the first time in many years, an element of unpredictability has been injected into Jordanian politics. One thing, however, is certain: The non-Islamic opposition is determined not to repeat its mistakes. In the words of Toujan Faisal, "We will be better organized next time around. The election results were a real shock for us." □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

After the Wall, A New Socialism?

DANIEL SINGER

"The Party always arrives five minutes after the hour," one critical East Berlin Communist complained bitterly, just as events there were gathering momentum. On this occasion, for once, his Party was able to keep up with the pace, yet his complaint could serve as a motto for the story of the abortive attempts to salvage the Stalinist heritage and reform a system that is now in complete collapse. That story needs to be recapitulated, not only to destroy the notion that the fall of the Berlin wall marks the death of socialism but also to help us grasp what is at stake as the Poles, Hungarians, Germans, Bulgarians and Czechoslovaks, all in their own fashion, try to build something new on the ruins of the old.

The Stalinist model was brought to Eastern Europe by the liberating forces of the Red Army. Designed for the rapid industrialization of backward Russia, it was already at the end of its tether. It could be used in a pinch for the reconstruction of countries ravaged by war, but for little more. Thus the various Eastern European countries, each of them supposed to become a little Russia, had a threefold handicap. They were cut off from the technologically advanced capitalist market, the model of economic management thrust upon them was already obsolete and the economic order was linked to a system of political repression. Behind the planner lurked the policeman.

This is the second of a two-part series. Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s Europe correspondent.*

Granted, this gloomy picture is an oversimplification. The Russian Revolution still had sufficient momentum for Stalin's armies, like Napoleon's, to export a new social order. It sponsored land reform, the expropriation of big business and the elimination of the most glaring social inequities. Though the revolution came to Eastern Europe from outside and from above, it did have significant domestic support, notably in Bulgaria and Czechoslovakia. Even in Poland and Hungary, where it enjoyed less sympathy, so fresh was the memory of the injustice and inefficiency of the prewar regimes that a good portion of the intelligentsia was tempted by a system that promised radical transformation of society. Finally, it should be remembered that Stalinism in its undiluted form lasted only about five years in Eastern Europe. At first Moscow allowed each country to follow its "own road to socialism." The blackest years came only after the onset of the cold war in 1949, with mass purges, trials and the blind imitation of Stalin's Soviet model. However, this period did not survive for very long after the dictator's death.

Thus, although much damage had been done, the situation was probably not yet hopeless. Future historians may well conclude that the greatest opportunity was missed in the Soviet Union itself after Stalin's death. The need for a radical break at that point was obvious. After years of suffering and deprivation, the Soviet people deserved a shift of resources from investment to consumption, from heavy to light industry, but the cold war made such a switch difficult. The main need, however, was for a complete overhaul of the system of economic management, which would have involved radical political changes. Strict coercion was increasingly counterproductive in a more complex economy with a more sophisticated labor force. But how are people to be made to work other than by replacing the fear of the gulag with the fear of unemployment? Only through a democratic revolution.

Democracy was required on the shop floor to convince the workers that they really were the masters of their factories. But it was also required at every other level to combine much-needed decentralization with a system of overall planning. The underlying question of how to reconcile planning and democracy in a socialist society has not yet been adequately tackled in Mikhail Gorbachev's current process of *perestroika*. After Stalin's death, the question threatened too many vested interests and too many bureaucratic privileges to be even contemplated. The mild reformer Nikita Khrushchev was overthrown in favor of Leonid Brezhnev, who was to give the Soviet Union political stability at the cost of eighteen years of economic stagnation.

Eastern Europe was also to pay the price for this failure. Throughout the region, 1956 was a year of euphoria as democratic freedoms were extended, but then a year of tragedy as the limits of reform were written in blood when Soviet tanks crushed the Hungarian uprising. Those who still had any illusions about the potential for reform from within had them dashed twelve years later—again by Russian tanks, this time in Czechoslovakia. Yet the use of force did nothing to eliminate the need for new methods of run-

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ning the economy, and the different ways in which Hungary and Poland have been driven in the end to seek capitalist solutions are quite instructive.

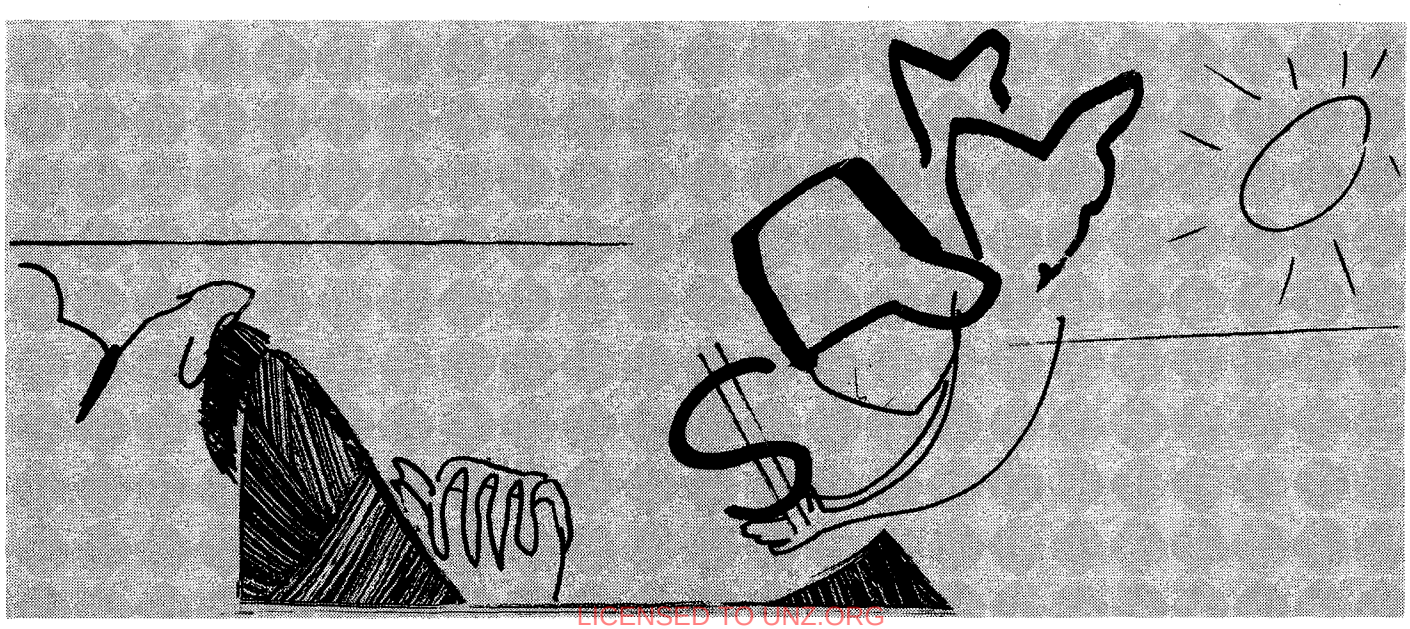
In Hungary the opposition had been crushed in 1956. There was no movement from below to reckon with and the possibility of socialist democracy did not exist. The party introduced market-oriented reforms to alter the mood of a sullen population and induce it to work. These reforms brought some early results and an improvement in living standards, but then the economy stagnated. Hungary's rulers responded by proceeding further in the same direction. This was not surprising. The market has its own logic and does not function well if not allowed to exercise its tyranny. Political reforms were introduced only recently. Indeed, parliamentary democracy is now presented as a companion to the market economy by an ex-Communist party that changed its very name to stress the extent of its conversion.

In Poland, though the point of arrival seems similar, the road was quite different. Wladyslaw Gomulka's democratic reforms, which had aroused such hopes in 1956, were soon abandoned. Later the regime ran into serious trouble, meeting violent resistance from workers as it tried to rationalize its system of exploitation. Poland saw the revival of a labor movement which, at the cost of forty-five lives, won veto power over the government's pricing policies in 1970 and, ten years later, gained the right to form an independent union. It was in 1980-81, during Solidarity's heyday, that the first glimmering of an answer might have come to the question posed after Stalin's death. Genuine workers' councils began to emerge in Polish factories, and the question arose of giving them representation at the national level in a second house of Parliament, a kind of workers' senate. But this hopeful project was killed by the military coup of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski.

The Polish regime did its utmost to weaken the power and influence of this independent and egalitarian labor movement, and instead of seeking some form of socialist democracy, chose to move in a quite different direction. Earlier this year the Communist government prepared the ground for a free-market economy by making a bonfire of food subsidies. And it was the first government of Solidarity, a labor union that has lost the bulk of its working-class base in the past nine years, that has carried on, openly embarking on the road toward capitalism with the inevitable blessing of the Catholic Church.

What is striking, if not surprising, about these developments is the dramatic decline in the appeal of socialism. For most Eastern Europeans the regimes that called themselves socialist had long ceased to stand for social justice. For years they had proved incapable of providing any possibility of social advancement for the children of workers and peasants, although this had been their original attraction. With fewer economic resources available, the state also ceased to fulfill adequately its welfare functions. In the 1950s and 1960s socialism had become linked in people's minds with the image of a Soviet tank, with repression and exploitation. Now there was the additional association of corruption and inefficiency. Enough time had elapsed for the prewar past to be idealized, and domestic shortages were sufficiently acute for the consumer society of the West to be perceived as a paradise.

Paradoxically, while many socialist ideas penetrated the popular unconscious, above all the yearning for social justice and equality, socialism as an idea—even the very name—was discredited. In 1956 the revisionists who advocated change in Eastern Europe assumed that their societies, while in need of radical transformation, were fundamentally socialist in character and could be changed from within. As late as 1968, it was still socialism that inspired the Czechoslovaks, even if it had to be qualified, in a sad sign of the times, as "socialism with a human face." But since those days the swing to the right has proceeded apace, especially among the intelligentsia. In Hungary, young intellectuals who were known at the start of their dissident careers as the "grandchildren of Lukács" (in reference to Georg Lukács, the Marxist philosopher and literary critic) can now no longer conceive of their country's future except in capitalist



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terms. In Poland the intellectuals, having climbed to office on the backs of the workers under the slogan of self-government, are now applying, or at least trying to apply, Thatcherite remedies to their country's economy.

Today the question of how to build a socialist democracy is more topical than ever. So far no one has tackled it in earnest. Let there be no misunderstanding. There is no dispute that the Soviet bloc economies are a mess. Nor is there any question that these countries require proper yardsticks to measure the value of production and *glasnost*, or "transparency," so that people can see how the economy functions. Without question, the market will be used for the distribution of goods, and a "mixed economy" will exist for a long period of transition. But the real issue is the general direction and purpose of the transformation. Will the market, with its inevitable furtherance of social inequities, determine the allocation of resources? Will unemployment drive people to work? Or will the "associate producers"—to borrow Marx's term—seek new forms of democracy that offer them an incentive to work in their factories and offices but also give them the means to gain collective mastery over their fate until the distant day when they abolish commodity production altogether? In his inaugural parliamentary speech as Poland's Prime Minister, Tadeusz Mazowiecki maintained that his country must opt for the well-tried ways of capitalism because "it cannot afford to experiment." But one might argue, on the contrary, that Eastern Europe cannot today indulge in the luxury of *not* experimenting.

These questions will increasingly divide both Eastern Europe's ruling parties and its opposition movements and lead to new alignments. At the moment, it is East Germany, the newcomer to the process of change, that offers the best hope of working out a system that distances itself from both the neo-Stalinist and capitalist models. Critical members of the Communist Party and oppositionists from New Forum seem especially interested in this debate. In the Soviet Union a similar discussion, revolving mainly around the degree of private property to be allowed and the influence that it will wield, has begun to divide the pro-*perestroika* forces that were previously united behind Gorbachev. In Hungary the struggle will intensify when growing social unrest finally finds expression in a movement from below. And in Poland divisions will appear when the rank and file of yesterday's *Solidarnosc* clashes with a government that it now considers to be its own.

We must bear in mind that it is less than five years since Gorbachev took power; the whole process is still in its infancy. The main social actors—the workers and peasants, the apparatchiks and managers, the professional intelligentsia and would-be property owners—are only partially aware of their interests and are still groping for channels to express them. The common fronts and coalitions are shifting. As the pace of change quickens, we cannot remain indifferent to what is happening.

As long as the struggle was against oppression, the problem for the Western left was simple. Since freedom is, above all else, "the freedom for those who think differently," we were obliged to fight for the right of everyone to speak—even Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, the prophet of reaction. But now matters are different. Tomorrow there may be no need to defend dissidents, even in Czechoslovakia. Elsewhere, yesterday's victims are either already in office or close to the corridors of power, and their ideological outlook has often altered with the change in their political status. Yesterday's friends are not necessarily today's political allies, a familiar but bitter truth. No one exemplifies this need for re-evaluation better than Lech Walesa, the famous leader of Solidarity.

In August 1980, when Lech scaled the fence at the Lenin shipyards, he stood for the workers' right to strike. Today, when Solidarity declares a regional strike, he advises those same workers not to join in so as not to antagonize the bountiful Polish-American investor, Barbara Piasecka-Johnson. When Solidarity was founded, Walesa stood for the right of workers to have an autonomous organization to defend themselves against exploitation. Now he is ready to sell that birthright, if admittedly for more than a fistful of dollars. Indeed, he is willing to sell the whole of Polish industry twice over. (In his zeal, he has offered 20 percent to the Germans, as much again to the French and 10 percent to the Kuwaitis. Add to this the Canadians, the British, the Americans and other potential buyers and the figures rapidly add up to some 200 percent.)

As a bold strike leader, the effective head of a huge labor union, a brave and cunning resister during the years of martial law, Walesa the electrician symbolized the revival of the labor movement in Eastern Europe. As such, whatever his foibles, our tribute to him was legitimate. Today, as he dons the mantle of a latter-day Marshal Pilsudski, the prewar dictator who saw himself as standing above all classes and parties, Walesa neither needs nor deserves the sympathy or support of the left. The blessing of George Bush is much more precious to him.

As the drama gathers pace, it is necessary to scan the quickly shifting scene of Eastern Europe to find those who refuse to identify socialism with the now shattered neo-Stalinist model and still hope to forge a society different from theirs and from ours. Though the ideological climate is not very propitious for such people at this stage, they do have a future and we should stand by them. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Women Artists, 1970-85

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Women and Mainstream Art

It is a tribute to the curatorial intelligence of Randy Rosen and Catherine Brawer that their exciting exhibition, "Making Their Mark: Women Artists Move into the Mainstream, 1970-85," which has been given a suitably celebratory installation at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia, should raise as many questions about the concept of the mainstream, and especially the historical structure of the mainstream in the period under survey, as it does about the artistic relevance of the eighty-seven artists' all being female. At least half those artists would turn up as a matter of course in an exhibition titled "The American Mainstream, 1970-85," where the issue of gender had no bearing on the principle of selection; there is certainly no comparable period in twentieth (or any) century art in which as many women would be among its outstanding creative exemplars. I would go even further. Were I asked to select the most innovative artists to represent this particular period through having come of artistic age in it, most of them would probably be women: I can think of few men in those years whose achievement matches that of Cindy Sherman or Jennifer Bartlett, to name but two, and none who come close to Eva Hesse (though 1970 was the year of her sad early death). Nothing like this would be true of the 1960s, a decade of deep conceptual exploration in which women played a relatively minor role, nor would it have been true of the 1950s, despite the flourishing in that decade of Helen Frankenthaler, Lee Krasner, Grace Hartigan and—even today a vastly underappreciated painter—Joan Mitchell. So the question is whether this particular period, and hence this particular mainstream, was made to order for women, even if the work in question might not have any especially feminine—or feminist—content. Of course, a great deal of the work here has both, as might be expected, given the sharp political demands that women were making on institutions of high culture in which they had to that point generally played a secondary and subservient role. But one can beat the gates down and gain admittance to the precincts of privilege without assuring that significance be attached to one's work, and my question reasserts itself: Was there something in the times, in the structure of the art world, that made this female ascendancy possible and even necessary? This brings with it the question of what kind of mainstream it was.

The 1970s is a difficult period to bring into art-historical focus, though this could be due in part to the assumption that the decade is the basic historical unit in periodizing art, with each thought to have a style of its own. In these terms the 1970s did not materialize as the kind of decade the 1950s and the 1960s were. The other part of the difficulty is that it was widely anticipated that the 1970s *would* become that sort of decade, and the fact that it did not may be the most important fact about it. The 1950s and 1960s were times of extraordinary artistic revolution, and it had begun to seem as though the great sequence of revolutions—Fauvism, Cubism, Abstractionism, Futurism, Constructivism, Dada and Surrealism, to name the high points—was not only to define the structure of art history in the twentieth century but that it was being carried forward in America rather than in Europe. One of the marks of the American artistic revolutions was their extreme philosophical character, in that each corresponded to a different philosophical theory of what art is. Indeed, we can reconstruct this history as moving forward on two levels—the level of artworks and the level of theories of art, with the former supposed to exemplify the latter. And during this development a number of boundary lines were erased, or even exploded, which had been thought essential to the definition of art, as the almost alchemical pursuit for the pure essence of art moved forward through the 1960s. It was taken for granted that this would continue on into the next decade, when in fact what happened was that *nothing* along those lines occurred at all. In an interview he gave a few years ago, Roy Lichtenstein said in genuine puzzlement, "The seventies seem a kind of non-entity. I don't know what to think of the seventies; I don't know what happened."

There is little doubt that the commitment to artistic purism continued in the 1970s through a kind of inertial force. In an interview with Calvin Tomkins, Jennifer Bartlett said, "I imagine there were very few people doing abstract work who were acceptable to Brice Marden, and very few people doing sculpture who were acceptable to Richard Serra." Of herself, Bartlett said, "I didn't really have a point of view like that. I liked a lot of different work." But "not having a point of view like that" came to be, by the end of the decade, the point of view to have. The New York art world, for perhaps a quarter-century, was defined by intolerance, by the zealotry with which it was insisted that outside a narrowly defined canon, nothing was really painting, or really sculpture, or really even *art* (this dogmatic spirit survives today primarily in the writing of Hilton Kramer). But by the end of the 1970s, the uneasy term "pluralism" began to be used, tentatively and gingerly, to define the direction of art, understood now as perhaps not having any longer the kind of historical direction that had to that point been believed necessary. It was not "anything goes," but it was no longer urgent—no longer possible—to go by adhering to a prescribed line. Miriam Schapiro, whose aggressively feminist work is one of the touchstones of "Making Their Mark," who came up as an artist through the harsh exclusionary imperatives of postwar art history, found a certain liberation from the very idea of this in feminism: "Feminism taught me not to worry about what I was 'allowed' or 'not allowed' to do as a serious artist." But much the same moral revelation was being made all across the art world, if not through feminism then through the discovery that not only had the old dogmas died but the very idea of dogma was itself dead. The German painter Hermann Albert recalls a moment in 1972 when he was gazing with friends at a dramatic sunset in Tuscany. Someone said, "It's a pity you can't paint that anymore these days." Albert writes, "That had been a key word I'd heard ever since I started trying to be a painter. And I said to him, . . . 'Why can't you? You can do everything.' . . . Why should anyone tell me I can't paint a sunset?"

There is a more external and material consideration to place alongside the end of aesthetic ideology. Nobody especially expected to make a living selling art in the 1970s. New York City real estate was not

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to begin its terrifying climb until late in the decade, and it was still possible to find fairly inexpensive studio space and to support oneself doing nondescript labor while making art one did not expect more than a few people would find of interest. Cindy Sherman worked as a receptionist, and her art was made for a small company of performers and conceptual artists who were her world. Others taught, or did carpentry, or were house painters, and like Sherman made art for the small circle of initiates who understood how the work was to be appreciated. The kind of international market that was to become a reality in the 1980s did not exist in the 1970s, nor did the phenomenon of the "hot artist" or the star system. The interesting question is, why didn't everybody just paint sunsets, which is after all a pretty satisfying thing to do. The answer is that most of the young artists who came up in the 1970s were graduates of a very few advanced art schools. The number of artists coming out of Yale alone is simply astonishing: Serra, Nancy Graves, Bartlett, Chuck Close, Eva Hesse, Robert Mangold, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, Brice Marden, Janet Fish, Lois Lane, Judy Pfaff, Howardena Pindell are only some of them. These artists inherited from the 1960s the ambition and the imperative to drive the boundaries of art back, to find the *next thing*. And perhaps there was as well an intense competitive drive, like scientists' seeking to drive back the boundaries of knowledge, whatever the material rewards for doing so. All this notwithstanding, no single global breakthrough was achieved. Rather, there were a number of individual breakthroughs. There was, in effect, no mainstream as such at all, simply confluences of individual tributaries with no mainstream to flow into. In retrospect, it seems to me that the 1970s was a Golden Age in which artists could pursue individual visions in a permissive cultural atmosphere under livable economic conditions.

All these factors were objective and structural features of the art world, subject to its own laws, and this would have been true had no women been on the scene, or if there had been women but in the traditional proportions of (say) one woman artist per every forty men. Pluralism permitted diversity (while making it possible for artists to infuse their work with political content if they so chose) and economics supported experiment. In these respects, there is a continuity between the profile of work in "Making Their Mark" and what any adequate sur-

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vey of the art of the 1970s would show. There is, on the other hand, a greater degree of diversity among women artists and at the same time an almost invariably insistent feminist edge to women's art. My sense is that these two facts are sufficiently connected that a speculation is in order as to what this connection is, which requires a few remarks on feminism as such.

There are two forms that feminism took in the art world of that (and indeed of the present) time. One was a demand for justice and equality, the kind of demand that could in effect be met through affirmative action: including more women in galleries, in important exhibitions, in the distribution of grants, in the hiring of faculties and curatorial staff and in promotions within these. These matters are quantitative and can be monitored and measured. The other form is conceptual and, in a loose sense, deconstructionist. Feminists undertook to examine every component in the institutionalized conceptual scheme of art, asking of each if it might not be an insidious form of male oppression. Think of each of these forms in connection with art history. The demand for justice and equality entailed the search for neglected women artists of the past, resurrecting vanished and almost invisible reputations, giving these neglected female creators prominence in exhibitions. The deconstructionist demand entailed rethinking the very premises of art history as understood in terms of geniuses, masterpieces, the imposition of styles, the domination of space and the definition of genres, with the entire concept of the fine arts construed as exclusionary and invidious and the structure of the art museum as embodying a scheme highly detrimental to women. Occasionally, the two forms collide. There are those who, as feminists, applaud the number of women entering the mainstream. And there are those who, as deconstructionists, deplore the very concept of mainstream as a form of male domination, alien to an entirely different female nature which has not found its institutional form as yet. From the deconstructionist viewpoint, nothing in art is sexually innocent nor, in consequence, politically innocent.

Not even, for example, the easel picture—"the traditional male-heroic genre of the easel painting," to use Thomas McEvilley's phrase—escaped critique. For it conjures up an image of a male presence dominating the canvas as his penile brush violates its white passiveness. And certain ways of modifying matter that would not commonly occur to males, like sewing or stitching, might suggest themselves as alternatives. Women became resourceful seekers of traditional forms of female expressiveness, using their bodies or making patterns or cultivating ornamentation, or raising to a higher power practices like cosmetic modification or dressing dolls or fabricating quilts or making dresses or plaiting hair or tying ribbons. Anything *but* the traditional and hence the male-dominating forms. There are, of course, some easel paintings in "Making Their Mark," but they are in a surprising minority. So there is a feminist answer to why one, if a woman, cannot paint a sunset, which is that women must find their own way in art. And "Making Their Mark" is an encyclopedia of some of the ways found: reassembling furniture, building little houses, forming horses out of mud and sticks, even, in one case, making a gown. And then there are the performances: Women in the 1970s made performance art their own and used it to challenge and attack features of a world they found oppressive. The feminist content generates the wild profusion of untraditional or even countertraditional forms that is the first thing to strike the eye in this exhibition. So one has to qualify the claim that the period seemed made to order for women artists. Had there been only that form of feminism that insists on equality, it might have remained a man's art world despite women entering it in larger and larger numbers. What made it the art world it was, I think, was feminism as transformed by poststructuralist philosophy, with its possibilities of ultraradical critique. And from this perspective women did not so much enter the mainstream as redefine it, and the *men* who entered it were more deeply feminist than they could have known.

It is possible for work, then, to be feminist without having an obviously feminist content, though much of the work in this show is clearly and even militantly both. Miriam Schapiro is the paradigm figure. Her *Wonderland* of 1983 makes art out of traditionally feminine items—frilled aprons, doilies, a sampler, the kinds of things that might wind up for sale at church socials, products of the needle and the embroidery hoop—arrayed on a quilt. Presenting itself as high art, it calls into question the distinction between high art and the art women unassumingly contrive without thinking of themselves as artists. In just this spirit, Schapiro exhibits a dollhouse she and Sherry Brody made "to challenge," according to the always helpful catalogue notation by Judith Stein, "the limits of what 'art' could be." Her immense *Barcelona Fan* of 1979 monumentalizes a feminine accessory, and does so by combining pieces of fabric in what she terms a "femmage." Nancy Spero's *Artaud Codex* scatters script and sparse images angrily across a scroll that slows down the viewer who intends to read the language Spero has appropriated, much as Sherrie Levine appropriated the Walker Evans photograph of a woman sharecropper, which Levine rephotographed to uncanny effect and conceptual perplexity. Sylvia Sleigh uses the easel format but as a way of subverting its masculine intentions by depicting, in one painting, a group of women artists grouped the way men artists were shown to be in some well-known nineteenth-century works, and, in another, a harem of naked art critics, all men, their penises displayed, one of whom, with his arm coquettishly crooked over his head like an odalisque, is her husband (and my predecessor as art critic for *The Nation*), Lawrence Alloway. Hannah Wilke had herself photographed nude, her skin covered with tiny vulvas (made, one reads, of chewing gum), looking (and intending to look) like the victim of some terrifying skin disease or the gashed and wounded Jesus of Grünewald's savage altarpiece.

This is not, for the most part, work it is easy or even important to appreciate aesthetically. Or rather, the demand that art be judged strictly by aesthetic criteria is itself not a politically innocent demand. In its own way, especially today, it is as political as the explicitly political art it condemns in the name of aesthetic purity. And often the willed impurity of feminist art is a rebuke to aestheticism as being, in the end, a form of repression. On the other hand, this is art that will mean different things to those of us on different sides of the gender line, and this difference is internal to the meaning and force of such works. It is work that would have failed had I, as a male, not felt myself under assault.

Some of the work, and indeed some of the best work, might not have existed had the artist not been a woman—simply because it's unlikely that anyone but a woman would have had the idea of making it in the first place. Somehow the possibilities available to women to alter their appearance through makeup, costume

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Religion and the Life of the Intellect

In many intellectual circles the myth still circulates that religion is the preserve of the dim-witted and unlettered. Yet, recently *The New York Times Magazine* carried an article on the "return to religion" among intellectuals. From Harvard to Berkeley, and amid inquisitive people generally, there's an undeniable renewal of interest in the questions traditional religion raises and seeks to answer. This fascination is largely a result of the failures of secular substitutes for religion (such as rationalism, narcissism, technological utopianism, aestheticism, and extremist political ideologies) to give abidingly satisfying answers to the truly significant puzzles in life: goodness, suffering, love, death, and the meaning of it all.

By no means, however, does this religious renaissance entail embracing the ersatz gods of dog-eat-dog individualism, consumerism, or superpatriotism. Nor does it imply a retreat from working for peace, justice, or human dignity. Rather, there's an awareness that, as Jean Bethke Elshtain put it, religious commitment "can help further social reform," and that religion can supply the ethical bedrock upon which to make political choices which are far more durable than those based on passing ideologies and enthusiasms. Nor does the new openness to religion signify a hostility to science, but rather an appreciation of the limits of science and technology.

The New York Times Magazine article discussed the NEW OXFORD REVIEW as part of this return to religion, and rightly so. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW are spearheading today's intellectual engagement with what Daniel Bell terms "the sacred." We are particularly interested in exploring religious commitments that yield humane social consequences, as exemplified by such giants as St. Francis, Gandhi, Bonhoeffer, Barth, Tawney, Schumacher, Mounier, Dorothy Day, Archbishop Tutu, Lech Walesa, Martin Luther King Jr., and Archbishop Romero. And we probe the literary and philosophical riches offered by such greats as Kierkegaard, Tolstoy, Buber, Auden, Eliot, Silone, Maritain, Waugh, Merton, C.S. Lewis, Simone Weil, Flannery O'Connor, and Graham Greene.

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and wigs enters into Cindy Sherman's project. What is remarkable is that she has achieved something that transcends the differences between the sexes and touches us all in our inmost humanity. I cannot imagine anyone but a woman achieving what Eva Hesse has, just because the fun and fondness toward her often hopeless works seem archetypically feminine and forgiving. But she invented a new language of sculpture, and her followers come from either side of the sexual divide. My favorite work in the show was by a California painter I had never heard of, Joan Brown, and it is called *New Year's Eve #2* (1973). It shows a skeleton in tux and top hat, cakewalking—or is it a tango?—across a large canvas with a spirited woman in a red gown, the skyline of San Francisco in the background and the two of them kicking up their heels in celebration. It may be a painting of reconciliation, it may have no symbolism beyond what meets the eye, but either way it is a wonderful painting and I wish I could see it often.

The show is at the Pennsylvania Academy until December 31 (and if I lived in Philadelphia, I would begin the New Year by paying a last visit to *New Year's Eve #2*). If you happen to be there, be sure to take Miriam Schapiro's message to heart by visiting the exhibition of quilts at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, and the great retrospective of Man Ray under the same roof. And if you missed the show of early Warhol at the Grey Gallery at New York University, it is on view at Philadelphia's Institute of Contemporary Art. □

The Beat Gone On

ANDREI CODRESCU

GINSBERG: A Biography. *By Barry Miles. Simon and Schuster. 588 pp. $24.95.*

Allen Ginsberg's biography is an alternative history of recent America, or, if you like, a history of alternative America. It belongs only in part to Allen Ginsberg the man, and in large measure to Allen the Myth, who became a generic image that, in filigree, could be found within matter under LSD scrutiny. Allen was the alternative watermark on the alternative currency of the 1960s, a veritable lovable Lincoln. Being a myth means that you belong to everybody, and for a while, for two decades to be exact, Ginsberg did. There must be thousands of people out there speed-reading this book to get to the part where they enter it. My breath quickened and my heart raced when Ginsberg, just back from India and London and on his way to universal ubiquity, begins the year 1966 when I show up, a fresh-faced baby dissident of 19 from Rumania. I made a beeline for Ginsberg's apartment in the depths of the Lower East Side to present my credentials to the President of Poetry. Peter Orlovsky, Ginsberg's companion, opened a badly scarred door, stark naked and dripping wet, and you can read the rest in my autobiography, *The Life & Times of an Involuntary Genius*.

I am not, to my regret, in Barry Miles's biography, but then it would take a separate book just to note all the autobiographies and biographies that Ginsberg figures in. Ginsberg's address book in the mid-1960s was a who's who of the culture emerging, as it were, from that very address book. I wasn't in that either, because I didn't have an address. As I was preparing to write this review, Harold Norse's autobiography, *Memoirs of a Bastard Angel*, appeared. It contains a chapter called "Allen Ginsberg" in which Harold recalls a late-night encounter on a subway train with a very young Ginsberg reading aloud from Rimbaud. The year is 1944, a week before Ginsberg's fateful meeting with Kerouac. Norse does appear in the Miles book, mentioned in passing as a regular at the San Remo bar in the Beat 1950s and once more in a quote from William Burroughs. The point is that among the unmentioned and the little mentioned there live many Allen Ginsbergs that are outside this biographer's ken. Allen, the quasi-religious phenomenon, is awaiting a hagiographer.

What we have here instead is a carefully researched chronological story of those things that make any human being—namely, father and mother, close friends, personal triumphs and miseries, travels and travails. Allen's mother, Naomi, whose story is told in wrenching and powerful detail in Ginsberg's "Kaddish," was an extraordinary mixture of American radicalism, cold war paranoia and Old World Jewishness. Allen's father, Louis, was a well-known poet whose work appeared regularly in newspapers in the 1930s and 1940s. The family milieu, with its constant crises, especially Naomi's frequent, and increasingly longer, confinements in mental institutions, provided the young poet with the explosive urgency of his great poems. But in order for those poems to come into being, a whole new way of looking at the world and of writing about it had to come first.

The literary 1950s were hostage to a cold, ideological intelligence that mirrored the body politic. The chief quality of the pinched, formal, academic verse of the time was its knowing irony. At Columbia University in the late 1940s, Ginsberg struggled with his personal history, the budding awareness of his homosexuality and his inability to understand any of it in the terms available to him from his teachers, who included Lionel Trilling and Mark Van Doren, then literary editor of *The Nation*. Both Trilling and Van Doren were later very helpful to Allen when the antics of his lowlife friends got him in trouble with the law. As poets, however, they had little to offer the intense young Ginsberg, who flirted with madness and heard William Blake speak to him in his rented room.

The people who did understand were Jack Kerouac, William Burroughs, Lucien Carr, Neal Cassady, Herbert Huncke, Joan Vollmer and a few others who came together at a certain time in the late 1940s to reinvent American literature. Their models were William Blake, Arthur Rimbaud and the French Surrealists. They connected themselves to the international avant-garde, thus bringing American literature, at long last, into the twentieth century. Theirs was, however, a uniquely American approach, based on the facts of American experience and living language, in terms that Whitman had called for nearly a century earlier. Miles chronicles in great detail the beginnings of the Beat generation, adding some fresh material to the oft-told story, particularly new anecdotes about sex and drugs. Ginsberg's heterosexual liaisons came as a surprise to me, as did Kerouac's occasional homosexuality.

Ginsberg's fabulous fame began with his reading of "Howl" at the Six Gallery in San Francisco on October 13, 1955. Four other poets, who later came to be

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known as the founders of the San Francisco Renaissance, also read: Michael McClure, Gary Snyder, Philip Whalen and Philip Lamantia. In attendance, among others, were Kenneth Rexroth, the dean of San Francisco poets, and Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Allen's future publisher. "Howl" was something completely new in American poetry, and the rest, as they say, is history. With "Howl" the doors of poetry, as well as those of the future, were flung wide open. What had been a dim peephole in the 1950s became the gate through which thousands, then hundreds of thousands and eventually millions of young people streamed into a new age. Allen Ginsberg's autobiographical story of his generation, which began with the lines, "I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness," made it possible all of a sudden to speak publicly of what had been until then strictly private secrets of our body politic: nakedness, homosexuality, drugs, visionary experiences, communalism. The excitement of this crucial time does not escape Miles, who gives it his best shot.

The San Francisco period was a happy one in Ginsberg's life. He came into his own as a poet, met his longtime companion, Peter Orlovsky, and found himself, for the first time, within an artistic milieu that fully recognized his genius.

The decades that follow see the birth of Allen Ginsberg, man of his times. Central to every countercultural wave in recent American history, Ginsberg's private life becomes inextricably linked to the public record. He is, with Dr. Timothy Leary, one of the instigators of the psychedelic revolution. He is there at the very beginning of American opposition to the Vietnam War. He is to be found at the start of the commune movement. We see him with Bob Dylan in New York, with the Beatles and the Rolling Stones in London. He introduces Buddhist chanting and meditation to America and helps the Krishna movement establish itself here, the first of the many Oriental philosophies that came to the New World in the 1960s. There is also the Ginsberg of the first East-West détente, a poet who brings together the young on both sides of the Iron Curtain and manages, in the process, to get himself thrown out of Havana and Prague. There is Ginsberg, the spearhead of gay liberation. In the 1960s, Ginsberg's personal brand of anarchism, pacifism and sexual liberation become the mainstream philosophy of the young.

In the 1980s, still very much at the forefront of attention, we meet Allen Ginsberg, elder statesman, co-founder (with Anne Waldman) of the Jack Kerouac Poetry School at the Naropa Institute, professor at Brooklyn College, honored by the poetry establishment that once spurned him.

It is an extraordinary life, which could have been told in a variety of ways. The only requirement, in addition to scholarly diligence, would have been love for the subject. Alas, Miles fails in this most crucial regard. The young Ginsberg of the 1940s exhausted Miles's store of empathy. The already well-documented young poet receives a factually exhausting recapitulation of his life in the 1950s. The birth of the Beat generation is accurately pieced together but the beat, somehow, is missing. Ginsberg's tormented sexuality, his extraordinary visions of William Blake, his complicated relationships with his new friends are all here, but the descriptions are factual and without the animated spark that could have set the rest of the narrative straight. Drinking and drugs, and especially orgies, fascinate and repel Miles. The facts, however, become a kind of debris that blocks the way to the true magic of the story. One strains to hear the epochal breaks, the cracking of the icebergs of the status quo, but there is only a faint echo. I found myself pausing often, amid the recumbent descriptions of the now legendary protagonists, to wonder what exactly was going on. I love gossip as much as the next person, but after a while I began to miss the kind of narrative intelligence that could make sense of it all. This biography could have been a number of things, all of them interesting: an alternate history of the past four decades; an existential poem in which the written and the lived are equally important; the story of how the insistently personal becomes the new public measure; a tale of American rebel consciousness, both private and collective; an epic battle between poet and state. The least interesting way to tell it is in the impersonal British manner, in which a dizzying mass of facts march relentlessly over the face of a chronology, interrupted only by detailed descriptions of sex and equally mind-numbing accounts of nature trips to mountains and old ruins. It is curious that the two things Miles is capable of bringing to life are the very things for which he was not and could not have been present. Miles met Allen Ginsberg in London in the mid-

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1960s and was around on numerous occasions over the next two decades, but this is something we discover only on the book jacket. The crucial moment of their encounter is inexplicably absent from the book, as if a kind of "objectivity" is being pursued. How could one even attempt to write an impersonal biography of America's most personal poet—one who furthermore made the demolishing of borders between private and public life the foundation of his *façon d'être*? The answer can only be that, in spite of the evidently formidable research, this is biography written for a public weaned on *People* magazine, a fashion biography. The point of Allen Ginsberg's life, which is poetry, is lost. □

Beyond the Veil

ZIA JAFFREY

PHOENIX FLED. *By Attia Hosain. Penguin/Virago Press. 203 pp. $7.95.*

SUNLIGHT ON A BROKEN COLUMN. *By Attia Hosain. Penguin/Virago Press. 319 pp. $7.95.*

Shortly before he died, a cable arrived in New Delhi: Dada Jan requested to see me. I knew only that my grandfather was a "big" man within the Shiite community, respected because he had made pilgrimages both to Mecca and to Karbala. It was also said that Dada Jan had peopled half the city of Lucknow.

Dada Jan greeted me matter-of-factly and seemed uninterested in conversation. I asked him if we could go to see the old palaces in the city; one had a passageway between its walls, used to conceal the comings and goings of the zenana women. Dada Jan answered the question vaguely: Maybe tomorrow.

Dadi Jan was a large woman, almost a century old, toothless and uneducated. When she was awake, for a few hours a day, she spoke to me in Urdu, and was given to bouts of weeping: "God forbid," she said, as though I were not in the room, "my son married a Hindu woman! Then they got a divorce! Now he doesn't even see his own children! Woe is me! Woe is me!"

After three days, I began to plot a way out, smoking wildly in the courtyard bathroom. My prayers were answered by a knock on the door. "Cheerio," said the voice behind it. It seemed that the Hindu side had got wind of the fact that I was in town and an uncle thrice removed was requesting my presence at dinner; my grandmother, who had opened the door a mere crack, was refusing. Dadi Jan tugged at my arm, and blocked the door with her body; she wept unreal tears, and hit her chest, and pleaded with Allah. Finally, she relented. But as I was about to go, Dadi Jan pulled me back. "Where is your purdah?" she asked. "Purdah?" I replied. She returned with a wool shawl and thrust it into my arms. "Otherwise, you'll catch cold," she said. It was blazingly hot out there.

It is into this world, the world of "purdah," that Attia Hosain takes us deeply. As a Muslim born in Lucknow in 1913, in a city whose decadent aristocracy still preserved the manners and customs of the Mogul empire, Hosain inherited that strange institution of women's seclusion. The daughter of wealthy, aristocratic landowners, or *taluqdars*, she was caught between the feudal tradition of her elders and the new freedoms heralded by the growth of the Indian nationalist movement of the 1930s, and grew up half in and half out of purdah. The Nehrus were family friends. Her brother, like their father, went to Cambridge. She read both Urdu and English literature, and was well versed in the Koran. After her father died, Hosain's mother continued to raise her in an orthodox way, though she was one of the few Muslim women of her generation to attend the University of Lucknow. Perhaps because she did not think it possible, she did not believe in herself as a fiction writer, though her stories were published in newspapers as prestigious as Calcutta's *The Statesman*. She viewed as her first act of freedom her marriage, against her mother's consent, to a Muslim of lower rank and class. *Phoenix Fled*, a collection of stories, was published in London in 1953, followed by a novel, *Sunlight on a Broken Column*, in 1961. The Penguin/Virago Press editions make Hosain's work available to an American audience for the first time.

Phoenix Fled is, simply, a masterpiece. Its publishers have emphasized the fact of Hosain's feminism, perhaps because she tended to see that "invisible" class of children, women and servants; but these tales are moral in their point of view, not in their agenda. Men and women equally are caught between a lived obligation to tradition and the specter of modernity. That true omniscience, impartial to gender and class, is perhaps an ironic extension of Hosain's aristocratic upbringing, her sense of noblesse oblige, as the novelist Anita Desai notes in her introduction, to the extended community. Each tale blends the old and the new, the language of realism with the world of fables, the grammar of English with the poetic diction of Urdu. The poetry here is not in words alone but in how each plot moves, with the steady hand of an executioner. A story that at first seems as ornate as a miniature painting in the end leaves one mute and gaping, having entered the abyss of grief, loss or disillusion. Hosain's gift seems to reside precisely in this doubleness, in which laws and traditions—the notions of honor or shame or submitting to one's fate and elders—suffer some inward brutality; the deepest wound is to the imagination.

"Time is Unredeemable" takes place in the 1930s. Bano is 16 when she is married to "a reluctant Ashad a month before he sails to England. In that brief, busy month, she accepted the young stranger, barely two years older than herself. . . . To her mother and his the hurriedly arranged marriage was a moral insurance." The bride, in keeping with tradition, resides with her in-laws in strict purdah. Over the years, Ashad writes fondly to his parents, and communicates with Bano "in short, formal letters." Nine years pass in seclusion: "Endless years of waiting, of living the life of neither a wife nor a widow, pitied by her relatives, wept over by her mother and mother-in-law." World War I comes and goes. Finally Ashad cables his father to say that he is returning; when he writes of a delay, Bano is "cast into a gloom which was as deep as the heights to which her joy had carried her. She was haunted by the suspicion that he did not wish to return, that he had found a woman. Then the habit of acceptance closed around her." She has already learned English in anticipation of Ashad's modernity. And when his arrival is confirmed, "above all else she wished to make him realise that she was not an ignorant girl of whom he, with his foreign education, need be ashamed. Gradually, a plan took shape in her mind; she would not even look like the other girls in the village no matter how much her mother-in-law insisted. She would

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wear a sari, new and modern. And a coat, not a shawl."

The house will be prepared as if for a groom and bride. Special foods will be made, guests invited, prayers sung, the honeymoon suite sprinkled with scents and flowers. Outside the suite, into which she has moved, Bano hears the commotion upon Ashad's return and is seized by "a hysterical panic." He will take all evening before he comes to her, the last and most private of his stops. Instead he surprises her and comes in early. "He took advantage of her lowered eyes to look at her. The red net sari . . . spread stiffly out from below the coat tight-buttoned across her chest and hips. . . . The powder was too light on her skin, the rouge too pink, and the mouth held tight in shyness smudged red by inexpert hands." He has brought her a gift: a real English coat, more beautiful than the one she has on. After a few brief words, he says,

> "I must go now, Bano, to my room." . . . He could not look at her eyes, which were alive and wounded; and he spoke quickly because he hated his words. "I cannot stay, Bano. Please try to understand. It is not because I dislike you, but because I respect you. And there is no other woman, I swear. But we are like strangers. It's not your fault, it's all my fault. . . . I know how I've wronged you, but what can I do now?"

In "The Daughter-in-Law," the daughter-in-law is 10 years old. A child pawned off in an arranged marriage, she cannot reasonably be expected to live with her husband. The mother-in-law, stuck with this "dud" of a bride, takes her to a large household where they are both employed as servants. Slowly, things begin to go awry: In fits of delusion, the child resorts to outrageous acts of theft and sabotage. In the story's only moment of compassion, the memsahib of the house learns the origin of the child's fears. The girl now wants to reform, but it is too late; she is returned in disgust to her negligent parents by her mother-in-law. In "The Street of the Moon," a middle-aged servant almost rapes his adolescent bride, in whom, and in which act, he finds the consolation of tradition. When he discovers his own son in bed with her, she is consigned to a life of silent shame and runs away. The servant returns to his old habit of smoking opium, quietly yearning for his wife, who has now become the Beloved. One day, he meets the unreality of his own vision of her in a grotesque moment of insight; covered by the veil of makeup, she beckons to him from a balcony, having found her freedom as a prostitute.

These stories knew how they would end, even if they do not end as Hosain might at first have intended. And in this structure of exposition, one senses the writer's point of view: Inevitably, there is an unexpectedness, interruption, insight, a pause in why or how traditions should go on (though they do, and will go on); there is no collective or "correct" judgment; the truth lies in each character's peculiar, and inner, sense of honor.

If *Phoenix Fled* is like a distillation of certain themes—purdah, Islam, the dying role of the aristocracy and the plight of servants—*Sunlight on a Broken Column* is an explication of them. The emotional resonance of Hosain's short stories is not matched by her novel. While most of the tales adopt a third-person point of view and are perhaps more powerful because of their restraint in omniscience, the novel is narrated in the first person by Laila. The collection, in a sense, wears a veil of silence where the novel is filled with the noise of conversation. I read it as a literary form of history, documenting the life of one family in the years before 1947, when India achieved independence. What is striking in that lived history is its lived confusion: The presence of the British in India united Hindu and Muslim; the formation of the Muslim League in its quest for the formation of Pakistan divided Hindu and Muslim, brother and sister, father and son. In this novel, there is an aunt or cousin for every kind of tragic dilemma: women ironically liberated by their arranged marriages, whose husbands, wishing them to be more Westernized, release them from the bondage of one world into the bondage of another, as socialites; educated Muslim feminists who fight for the creation of an orthodox state; Laila herself who, according to her dead father's sense of modernity, attends an English school and is allowed to go to college, while her cousin Zahra, side by side with her in purdah at home, is married to a stranger when he comes of age; Nandi, the servant girl, ostracized because she left purdah once to deliver a shirt to a driver who had misplaced it; and the English-educated Sita, destined to marry a man she does not love, and to have affairs, because she cannot face the loss of familial honor, as a Hindu, in marrying the Muslim she has fallen in love with.

One senses in the novel the loss of an old way that Attia Hosain fought, an old way that is more likely to remind one, in its sensibility and sense of closure, of the words of Egyptian feminist writer Nawal el-Saadawi, or of Naguib Mafouz—of literature from the Islamic world rather than that traditionally associated with India (Narayan's or Desai's), precisely because the heroine's life is so truncated, or disturbingly cut off from the public through the dilemma of purdah. An old way that my grandmother understood, as we lay beneath the mosquito nets, she, almost a century old, asleep; and I, curled up beside her, awake. □

Past Present

LOIS METZGER

"One human heart goes out to another, undeterred by what lies between," Wilhelm Grimm wrote in a letter to a little girl 173 years ago, as an introduction to a fairy tale he had written especially for her. That story, called "Dear Mili," known only to Mili's family since 1816, was discovered by the publishing world in 1983, when a dealer put it up for sale in the United States. Now it may become almost as well known as "Hansel and Gretel." After the largest first printing ever ordered for a children's book—a quarter-million copies—the book, with soft, lush, muted drawings by Maurice Sendak, became a big best seller within a month of its publication in 1988. "Dear Mili" is about a little girl whose mother saves her from a devastating war by sending her deep into the woods. An elderly, kindhearted man finds her and takes care of her for thirty years, though for Mili only three days seem to have gone by. In the end Mili, still a little girl, returns home and is reunited with her mother, now an old, old woman.

The Grimm Brothers, Jakob and Wilhelm, were students of German dialects who became world famous in 1812 with the publication of their collection of 210 German folk tales. The purpose of

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the "reawakening of the long forgotten literature," Wilhelm wrote, was to "seek something of consolation in the past," with the hope that "this course of ours should contribute somewhat to the return of a better day."

When I was growing up, my mother read many fairy tales to me, often returning to Grimms'. Jakob and Wilhelm themselves first heard many of these stories from a tailor's wife who lived near Kassel, Germany, in the early 1800s. They later wrote of her, "She told her stories thoughtfully, accurately, with wonderful vividness, and evidently had delight in doing it. First, she related them from beginning to end, and then, if required, repeated them more slowly. . . ." I loved my mother's steady, careful reading voice, which sounded more intriguing than the voices of my friends' mothers—the neighborhood women of Flushing, Queens. One day, I was shocked when a friend said to me accusingly, "Your mother has an *accent*!"

I'd never heard it that way. Her voice was a combination of Viennese, Scottish and English. My mother, a tall, gawky, Jewish adolescent in Vienna during the 1930s, was saved from the Holocaust when her own mother sent her to Scotland through the Children's Transport, a relief organization that brought children out of Central Europe. My mother, a city girl, was adopted by a gentle beekeeper and lived in the highlands with him and his family for several years. She lost touch with her own family—her mother, father and younger brother.

The beekeeper taught her to take care of bees (she was only stung on one occasion, but twenty-two bees got her that time), to milk cows and goats, and to *relax*. Several years ago, after my mother's death, I went to Scotland and visited his sister, who told me that when my mother first arrived in Banchory, near Aberdeen, she was constantly looking at her watch. After a few weeks she began noticing the woods, mountains and the changes in the sky, and she stopped wearing the watch altogether.

When the war ended, my mother went to England to work as a translator. Through the beekeeper, she received a postcard from her mother, written from a camp for displaced persons: "We are all alive, your father, your brother, and me. Please come to Bari, Italy. Bring soap." For nine years they had been on the run in Yugoslavia and Italy, in and out of prisons and small concentration camps, and hiding in the mountains.

For me, fairy tales and family stories intertwined. I grew up hearing at night of woods and hills and getting lost in the darkness—even though when I looked out my window I saw traffic snarled down below on the Van Wyck Expressway. In "Dear Mili," Mili's mother is afraid that Mili has been killed, "and yet deep in her heart she had hoped to catch at least a glimpse of her just as she was when she went away." My mother told me that throughout the decade of separation from her parents and brother, and despite the fact that there was never any contact between them, she *knew* they were all alive. Fairy tales are always full of this kind of quiet understanding that flourishes without tangible support.

My mother managed to get from England to Italy without papers by traveling with American G.I.s and sometimes dressing like them. When she met up with her family in Italy, they talked so much and for such a long time that even though my mother was now a beautiful young woman, and my grandmother was so thin she weighed only eighty pounds, they all said they felt as if they had never been separated. A year later the reunited family moved to America and settled permanently in New York. My mother died nearly a decade ago; my grandmother, who lived to be 92, died this year.

"Dear Mili" ends with the mother and daughter dying together—a strange ending, even for a fairy tale, but presented as a happy one. This fairy tale had to wait almost 200 years before it could be told around the world. When I read it now, I wish that my mother could have heard it when she was a little girl. It might have helped her seek something of consolation in the past; it might have made her sudden trip to Scotland seem like part of her destiny. And years later, high above the Van Wyck Expressway, she could then have had the satisfaction of reading the story to me. □

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MUSIC.

EDWARD W. SAID

Andras Schiff at Carnegie Hall

The frenetic clarity and prodigious technical dexterity of Vladimir Horowitz have been much talked about in the wake of his death on November 5. Nevertheless, he rarely seemed to be interesting or arresting because of what he did musically; rather it was his *crescendi*, or his capacity for steel-like and massive sonority, or the sheer speed and accuracy of his octaves, thirds or scales that drew attention. Of course, in his later years it was the dreadful cloying image of "Volodya," the national asset celebrated in the White House, seen on television with worshipful commentators and reporters in tow. He seemed to have built his career and reputation around what no other pianist could dare to attempt or pull off, so formidable were his powers.

Yet, great pianist though Horowitz was, his pianism was often effective but unpersuasive: You could marvel and gape, but you couldn't really learn or emulate without hurting yourself. When some pianists about thirty years ago tried to do what he did, the results were extraordinarily unsuccessful (for example, Ivan Davis or Byron Janis). Horowitz's closest virtuoso competitors in the group that matured before World War II—Sviatoslav Richter, Arthur Rubinstein, and Arturo Benedetti Michelangeli—were altogether more satisfying artists. Richter now seems to be perhaps the most astonishing in his powers of communication, his almost mystical interpretive genius and his supernal virtuosity.

The infrequency of Richter's appearances in the United States is therefore very regrettable, but his absence, the deaths of Rubinstein and Horowitz and Michelangeli's virtual disappearance compel one to look at new forces and configurations in today's roster of regularly appearing young pianists. Besides Alfred Brendel and Mauricio Pollini, two or three younger figures rise above the others: Radu Lupu, Martha Argerich and Andras Schiff. For the first time in several years the 48-year-old Argerich, who is unquestionably the finest woman pianist around, will appear as soloist at Carnegie

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Hall (with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande); Lupu has not played in New York City for almost two years. Schiff, on the other hand, has been a regular performer here, most recently in an October 19 recital at Carnegie Hall.

Schiff's earlier work of note was his Bach, particularly a series of three recitals at the Metropolitan Museum a few years ago that culminated in a memorable Goldberg Variations. He is a cherubic-looking 36-year-old Hungarian who left Budapest after he completed his training and has since settled in Salzburg and London. The influence of Glenn Gould was clearly observable in Schiff's Bach performances, though unlike Gould he was eminently capable of legato playing, with a subtly varied dynamic range and a much more moderated, less brittle and severe rhythmical impulse. Schiff's besetting problem had been his tendency to sweeten and prettify both his interpretations and his sound, so that in performances of the English and French Suites, for instance, he would use very pianistic and italicized mannerisms either to loosen up one of Bach's exuberantly long but tightly articulated contrapuntal phrases, or end a piece, say, with a rather tightly contrived diminuendo or a subtly produced but obvious deceleration. Since Schiff's recitals have tended to occur in the smaller New York halls, he has therefore communicated an impression of domestic music making, more like a chamber recitalist with a penchant for thoughtful, tasteful playing in classical pieces, rather than a thunderer who, according to the model provided by Horowitz and company, performed Liszt and Rachmaninoff to enormous, adulatory and usually uncritical crowds. Paradoxically, however, there has been no doubt about Schiff's extraordinarily fluent and complete technical attainments; yet they always seemed subordinated to an aesthetic of modesty, affability, introverted musicality, and were not made to serve the virtuosic demonism we associate with bravura and egoistic display.

All musical performance involves domination, of course, since no instrumentalist can command (the military metaphors are entirely apt) the public's attention and the instrument's resources without discipline and self-serving force. The two different styles of playing to which Horowitz and Schiff belong achieve domination through choice of repertory and degree of assertion. The first category is based in a style of extroverted display, in works whose claims are principally pianistic as opposed to musical, in the prominence of the performer's interpretive personality (a high rhetorical profile, willful extremes of tempo and dynamics, a sense of instinctual freedom in performance rather than a studied or deliberate manner). The ideal repertory for this category of pianists consequently is highly restricted—much Chopin (excluding nocturnes, most mazurkas and all but three polonaises), some Schumann, much Liszt, Prokofiev, Scriabin, Rachmaninoff, Bartók, Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, some Ravel, and very occasionally the Berg sonata. Thus pianists of this type would include Horowitz, Rubinstein, Jorge Bolet, Shura Cherrkasky, Ivo Pogorelich, Van Cliburn, Andre Watts and, at times, Vladimir Ashkenazy.

The central figures in the second category are Artur Schnabel, Dinu Lipatti and Edwin Fischer and, in classical romantic and impressionistic music, Wilhelm Kempff, Solomon and Walter Gieseking; their disciples today would include the wonderfully gifted Mitsko Uchida, Peter Serkin (who has always seemed a more refined and gifted musician than his father) and Richard Goode, as well as Schiff, Lupu, Argerich and Zoltan Kocis. The danger to their work, as indeed to that of all performers, is that worldly success in one idiom or repertory brings pressure on the performer to persist in that course until what was fresh and interesting becomes coarse and mindless (as is the case, I think, with Murray Perahia). What makes for optimum results is when pianists in one category demonstrate their powers in the other; in this, of course, Pollini, Brendel, Argerich and, sometimes, Ashkenazy are triumphantly transgressive.

But so too is Andras Schiff. His October 19 program was as remarkable for its structure and content as for its stunning execution. There was intelligence and vision in the choice of Haydn's F Minor Variations, the rarely performed Janácek sonata ("October 1, 1905"), the Bartók Dance Suite and the very late Schubert C Minor Sonata (D.958)—a brace of difficult and dark, entirely Central European works, whose peculiar brooding eccentricity is perhaps their main feature. As Schiff performed the elaborate configurations of the Haydn, it was late Beethoven and Mahler that came to mind, particularly in the angular severity of the work's final measures, and in its unembarrassed declamatory thrust. Janácek's only sonata is a two-movement torso originally composed (like Yeats's poem

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"Easter 1916") to commemorate a nationalist uprising against foreign hegemony; Janácek later destroyed the score in a despondent fit, but copies of it survived thanks to two friends, and the text remains available among his handful of collected piano compositions.

Schiff's performance was mesmerizing: controlled, passionate, intelligent, compelling. Janácek's fundamental line is very lyrical (the traces of Dvorák and Smetana are readily decipherable), but there is an interventionary, dislocating wildness to his writing that is especially affecting in the sonata, which works through an alternation of placidly repeated sequences and terrifyingly agitated piano virtuoso patterns that recall the *Glagolitic Mass* and both his quartets. Janácek, like the early Strauss, stands at the precipice before the advent of atonality and after the almost total exhaustion of tonality. His musical forms, therefore, are unsettlingly patched together; a classical sonata structure, for instance, is regularly made to serve autobiographical and deeply private purposes. The result is an *inscape* of disquieting volatility, moving from placid flowing statements to suddenly dark sonorities and then back again. Schiff's superior technical gifts were well up to the challenges of this quite extraordinary work, yet he never deviated from the task of unfolding the sonata's complexities with a kind of transfiguring patience that is rarely encountered.

The Bartók and Schubert works drew the whole program together into a set of piano works constituting a counternarrative running next to the conventional one that bridges the passage from Viennese classicism to twentieth-century mainstream modernism. I had the impression that Schiff was trying to provide a musical experience that was located neither in royal court nor established church nor aristocratic coterie but in some entirely authentic and as yet unformalized site in European culture—partly pastoral and rural, peripheral and strangely emergent, all but forgotten and unexplored.

Experiences like this dignify concert life with a rare coherence. To juxtapose and perform interesting pieces; to allow them to produce unexpected pleasures; to enable audiences to perceive configurations of style and sound that have not yet acquired a reified status in the much traversed and official resplendencies of nineteenth- and twentieth-century Western music—these are signal accomplishments, and that they can now be expected from Andras Schiff is an index of how his new eminence now places him significantly above the affectations and limitations of his earlier recitals. He is still essentially a modest stage presence, with few of the mannerisms of the crowd-pleasing soloists. What testifies to the depth of his mark as an interpreter is that one retains from what is after all a two-hour episode a sustained tonal structure that persists in, and permanently alters, the internal record of a lifetime of musical experiences.

When, a couple of days later, on October 21, the estimable Bella Davidovich also came to Carnegie Hall, so dominant was the effect of Schiff's playing that it scaled down the effect of hers. She is a Schumann-Chopin player whose clean execution and unprissy elegance at their best put her in some amalgam of the Solomon tradition with the classy virtuosity of Russian predecessors like Gilels. At Carnegie Hall, however, she began with two of the Opus 21 Schumann *Novelettes* disfigured by uncertain, awkward phrasing; she then proceeded to his great B-flat Humoresque with only intermittent flashes of inspiration or wit. I sensed a studied constraint in everything she did, right through a generously conceived Chopin group that included his greatest single work, the Barcarolle, played as if by a teacher who had prepared her performances thoroughly but whose goal to play correctly and tastefully was exposed for its timidity. The irony is that when she finally got to Chopin's B Minor scherzo—by far the most hackneyed and familiar repertory item on her list—she let loose with a blisteringly exact yet beautifully organized performance.

While it would have been reductively unfair to say of Davidovich's concert that it was only pianism and disappointingly mindless at times—a performance carried along mainly by the habits and phrases of "tradition" and a style quite brilliantly and dutifully learned at conservatory—there is a good deal of truth, alas, to the argument. For as long as the concert calendar is punctuated with recitals by artists like Schiff, the Davidovich and Horowitz impress will continue to seem insufficiently intelligent, and unmusical. □

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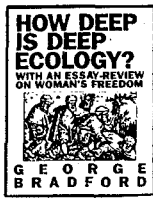

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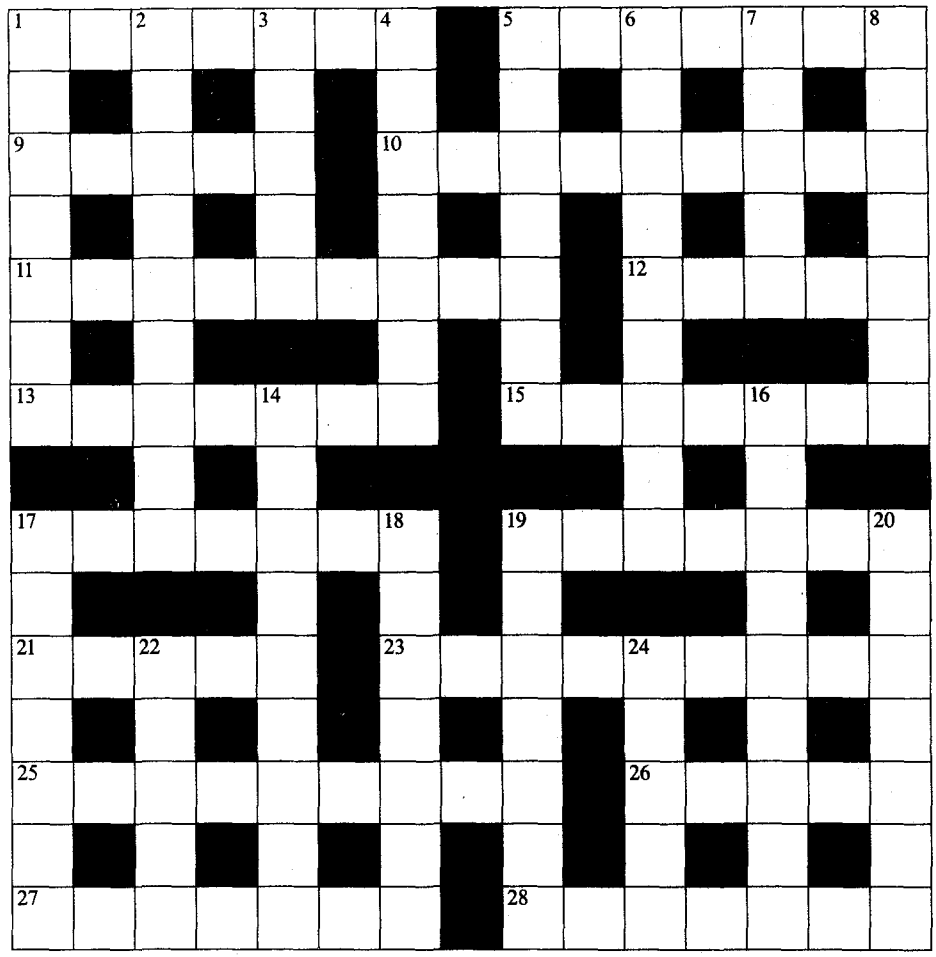
■	■	■	S	U	B	S	T	A	N	T	I	A	T	E
S	■	D	■	R	■	O	■	S	■	H	■	S	■	D
C	R	I	S	S	C	R	O	S	S	E	D	■	■	■
R	■	A	■	■	■	■	■	E	■	R	■	A	■	A
A	N	G	U	S	■	C	O	M	P	E	L	L	E	D
T	■	O	■	T	■	H	■	B	■	U	■	W	■	D
C	O	N	G	E	N	I	A	L	■	P	L	A	T	E
H	■	A	■	A	■	L	■	E	■	O	■	Y	■	R
■	B	L	A	M	E	L	E	S	S	N	E	S	S	■

Crossword Puzzle No. 2270

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Return with what some try to get in summer, at home in Paris or some other city. (7)
5 The jitney backs up and allows things to happen, and rents perhaps? (7)
9 Diet of this not necessarily for the birds! (5)
10 A musical organization done wrong? No wonder it's left alone! (9)
11 Bang away too much? That's going too far, if you do! (Sounds like one of the galoshes to a T.) (9)
12 and 17 down Eventually this will be how Paavo Nurmi succeeded. (2,3,4,3)
13 A couple of pieces might be four for a dollar! (3,4)
15 The high point comes back, consumed at another point in turn. (6)
17 A number of snakes lead to something to climb. (7)
19 Perceived by the eyes or ears, for example, to be as tense, possibly. (7)
21 Not quite ordinary opera? (5)
23 Fuddy-duddies who evidently have been out in the cold too long? (9)
25 Part of the fight is canceled, it seems—as one does to tax figures, perhaps. (6,3)
26 See 5 down
27 Seven, for example, is organic. (7)
28 In return, to go fast around a point makes the color darker. (7)

DOWN

1 Certainly there's no old wine in the resort! (7)
2 He let Ford make several times as much! (9)
3 Possesses some additional thoughts involving lockers, partly. (5)
4 Such people should be committed! (7)
5 and 26 across One way to make Brian a rather disorganized person? (12)
6 One wouldn't like lamb to have this, to be rather game. (9)
7 Painter who might be rather stern. (5)
8 Makes blue songs add ensembles to present it. (7)
14 I cast aspersions, one hears, concerning an inhabitant of a certain island. (9)
16 Move from tongue to tongue. (9)
17 See 12 across
18 Lubricant for part of the wartime wolfpack might be taken from a bed of earth. (7)
19 Light out if it is! (7)
20 90 degrees, then 180, 135, 45, and finally 180 again—according to the old ascetics. (7)
22 Turn someone out of bed—this about a laborer! (5)
24 Earl might be a person of wealth and social standing to the French. (5)

PUZZLED?

No more cross words. If you don't see why "Lures" are "Ground Rules," send for those of Mr. Lewis to *The Nation*, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011.

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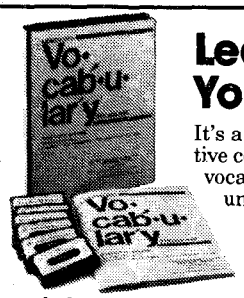

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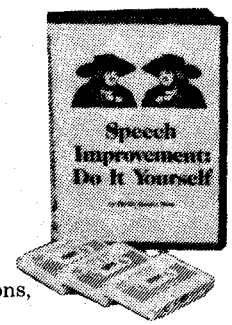

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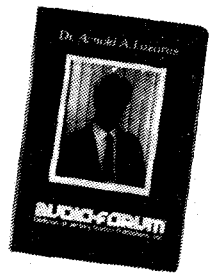

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